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LITTLE JOURNEYS IN EGYPT.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN AT AN EGYPTIAN RAILWAY STATION.

Dear Readers of the Magazine:—As you see these are personally conducted tours. Homes, Schools, Churches, Hospitals, Mosques, Ancient Monuments, Modern Tombs, Villages, a Farm, the Desert, and men, women, children, people, people, people, all come in for a visit. We want you to get acquainted with Egypt. We want you to see Egypt as she is—Egypt—her resources; Egypt—her wonderful possibilities; Egypt—her sorrows and sicknesses; Egypt—her darkness and superstition—her oppressed womanhood, her neglected childhood,—her need for Christ; her need for our love, our gifts, our prayers.

—Minnehaha Finney, Tanta, Egypt, Associate Editor for Egypt.

ALL ABOARD!

A NEW ERA OF PRAYER FOR MOSLEMS.

By Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, D. D., Cairo.

THE ALPINE climber who is trying to reach the summit can scarcely see his goal except at certain fortunate moments in the upward path. What he does see is the stony path which must be trodden, the rocks and precipices to be avoided, the unending slope that gets ever steeper, he feels the growing weakness, the solitude and the burden, and yet the inspiration of the climber is the sight of the goal! Because of it all the hardships of the journey count for naught. The Fellowship of Faith for Moslems in prayer and service and sacrifice is for those who have dared the utmost for the highest. The evangelization of the Moslem world is not a phrase to be bandied about easily; it is a deep life purpose, a work of faith, a labour of love, a patience of hope.

The present world conflict, both in its fundamental causes—such as the German aims for a highway through the Near East—in its progress of events, and in its final issues, deeply concerns those who are labouring and praying for Moslems. There is, therefore a special need and a special call for prayer.

1. We need first of all to pray for ourselves and for the churches of Christendom, lest our faith fail and our fears triumph—lest we confound loyalty to the flag with loyalty to Christ, and so confuse issues and the results of the war in the Near East. We need to ask first of all that every one of us may be delivered from fear, from timidity. This has been one of the chief hindrances in the evangelization of Moslem lands. Mr. H. G. Wells in his story, "The Research Magnificent," says that the struggle with fear is the very beginning of the soul's history. "Fear," he writes, "is the foremost and most persistent of the shepherding powers that keep us in the safe fold, that drive us back to the beaten tracks and comfort and futility. The beginning of all aristocracy is the subjugation of fear." * * * "The modern world thinks too much as though painlessness and freedom from danger were ultimate ends. It is fear-haunted, it is troubled by the thought of pain and death, which it has never met except as well guarded children meet these things, in exaggerated and untestable forms, in the menagerie or in nightmares. And so it thinks the discovery of anaesthetics the crowing triumph of civilization, and cosiness, and innocent amusement—those ideals of the nursery—the whole purpose of mankind." This was written before the war and its Pentecost of heroism.

Fear on the part of a Christian is a denial of God. What kind of a God have we, if He is not able to save us from those fears that cripple our lives and thwart our purposes, or make us diffident to undertake the enterprise of faith? Our Fellowship must make its influence felt through prayer and testimony, so that the Church will claim these millions by faith, no matter what the sacrifice may be.

2. We must intercede for those lands where the door of access to Moslems was open before the war, and where it has not been closed in any way. Among these we may mention India, China, Malaysia and Egypt together embracing more than one-half of the entire Moslem world. The effect of the war in these lands has not been felt directly and on economic lines, but intellectually and spiritually hearts have been stirred and awakened. Never has there been so great a demand for the Word of God nor has Christian literature been more widely circulated. The very fact that

Moslems have proved loyal to the British Government should make us loyal to our King in declaring to them the message of His peace and pardon and eternal happiness through His love.

3. There is urgent need for intercession that lands and hearts hitherto closed may be widely opened after the war. No one can be blind to the fact that the events which have transpired in Turkey, Palestine and Arabia must have a deep significance for the future of the Kingdom. If the blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the Church, what a glorious harvest we may expect on the holy fields of Armenia and Northern Persia where so many were massacred. In the new king of the Hedjaz, in the highway from Assyria to Egypt, in the new civilization that has come into Mesopotamia, we can already see something of the fulfillment of the glorious prophecy in the 72nd Psalm and the 60th chapter of Isaiah. To read these chapters in the light of the present war is to strengthen our faith and deepen our purpose.

May we not hope that the twenty million Moslems under French rule in Africa and the number of those in Russia which is nearly as great will be more accessible after peace has been declared? The re-distribution or the readjustment of colonial possessions in Africa is also a call for intercession. Prayer moves the Arm that moves the world.

4. Lastly and most of all we must pray for reinforcements. The present war has shown that man-power is even more important than money-power in a long-drawn conflict. It is calculated that before the close of the year 1916 there had already been eighteen and a half million casualties of which deaths make up one-fourth. Such is the dreadful record of the destruction of young manhood. Tens of thousands who were the flower of the university life of Protestant Europe are numbered among the slain or the maimed. The struggle for supremacy on the battle-fields of Europe has cost a larger toll of men than the whole history of the missionary enterprise. It was to these enormous losses of life that the Prophet Isaiah referred when he said: "I will make a man more rare than fine gold. Even a man than the pure gold of Ophir!" "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches."

The present need of the Moslem world now—and a need that will be enormously emphasized after the war—is reinforcements. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to face the new conditions that will obtain after the war in the Turkish Empire, in Persia, in Arabia, in Egypt and North Africa. The issues of the war are so closely related to the issues of the Kingdom that we may well consider them in terms of recruits and of the mobilization of these vital forces of the Church after peace is declared.

Such fields as Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Asia Minor, Syria, and Persia which were terribly undermanned before the war broke out, will make a new appeal of supreme urgency when the period of reconstruction begins. We will then face needs that are appalling in their extent and deep beyond measure in their pathos. Where the Armenian martyr Church has shed its blood is now holy ground: and because of the sacrifice there will be unprecedented opportunities for the practical manifestation of the love of Christ to Moslem in social and spiritual service. In addition to all this there are the unoccupied provinces of the Near East and of Central Asia, a challenge to the venture of faith and utmost Christian boldness. "The great conflict with Islam," said a missionary leader in 1912, "which the coming decades will bring to the Church of Christ, and in comparison with which all that has already been done among Mohammedans has been only clay, only a preliminary skirmish, needs missionaries who will in truth fast and pray; that is to say, who, with new and holy devotion, will cut themselves loose from all that hinders, and become whole-hearted disciples of Jesus Christ; men who are not transently excited by the flickering light of unconsidered plans and hopes, but who will serve with patience, quietness, and constancy, relying with child-like trust on the might of the unseen God." How true these words are today and what a challenge they contain for our Fellowship!

For the unoccupied fields we need men of the highest type—real pioneers, such as Charles G. Gordon once described in a letter to his sister, "Where will you find an apostle? I will explain what I mean by that term. He must be a man who has died entirely to the world; who has no ties of any sort; who longs for death when it may please God to take him; who can bear the intense dullness of these countries; who seeks for few letters, and who can bear the thought of dying deserted. Now, there are few, very, very few men who can accept this post. But no half-measures will do. * * * A man must give up everything, understand everything, everything, to do for Christ here. No half nor three-quarter measures will do. And yet, what a field."

We may thank God that by His providence He has brought thousands of the choicest men from New Zealand, Australia, Canada and Great Britain into closest contact with the Near East during the war. They have seen service in Egypt, at the Dardanelles, in Salonica and Mesopotamia. There they had the joy of sacrifice and learned to endure hardness. Their faith in God grew strong among those who knew Him. These Christian men, many of them from the universities and colleges, saw the opportunities for medical, educational and social service. They have come into close touch with Islam and its needs. To them the Near East has spoken for a higher warfare and they have seen the coming of a Kingdom without frontiers or race-barriers. It is for the Church to extend to them the call for reinforcements and to do it now. As we read the wonderful life record of some of those who have done long and valiant service in Moslem lands and have now been called home, such as Dr. Andrew Watson and Samuel Wilson, pioneers in Egypt and in Persia, not to mention others, we recall the story of Elisha, how "he took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and went back and stood by the bank of the Jordan. And he took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters and said, Where is Jehovah, the God of Elijah? and when he had also smitten the waters, they were divided hither and thither; and Elisha went over." The prayers of Elijah found fulfillment in the life of Elisha. He had a double portion of his spirit and wrought twice his number of miracles. "Where is Jehovah the God of Elijah!" Shall we not ask that question on our knees face to face with the needs of the Moslem world?

NOTE:—By request the above has been reprinted from the leaflet put out by "The Fellowship of Faith for the Moslems." It is the desire that every reader of the Magazine join in this Fellowship.—ED.

WITH THE "IBIS."
THREE AND A HALF MONTHS ON THE NILE IN LUXOR DISTRICT.

By Rev. H. E. Philips, Luxor.

If I attempted to tell all the happenings of three and a half months on the "Ibis" it would take a long time, for during the itinerating work there is something of interest going on constantly. One of the charms of the dahabiyeh work is that it never grows old and this is due to the fact that we are continually having new experiences. Every town is different from every other town and each visit is usually characterized by something that distinguishes it from the previous one. Some of these towns we have visited now five times and each year our experience has been different. One reason for variety is the fact that we have gone out each year with a very different aim. The first year we sought to get acquainted with our pastors and teachers throughout the district, but not being able to use Arabic at that time little was accomplished beyond getting to know places and people. The second year our visit was more extended but nothing very aggressive was attempted. The third year armed with two Arabic sermons we endeavored to reach every place where we have any organized work and get a message to our own people, beside reaching out to as many new places as time would permit. The fourth year we made a special effort to reach new places and particularly to get in touch with Moslems. This past winter because of the presence of English speaking evangelists, who could not get along without the missionary, and whose help we coveted very much, we have given our time almost wholly to the organized churches.

The past year has been marked by advance along two distinct lines. For each form of service the Lord graciously provided us with a very efficient helper, one the Rev. Jesse McPherson, an

THE "IBIS." THE MISSION EVANGELISTIC BOAT FOR UPPER EGYPT.
Lord Radstock and the Phillips Family on the "Ibis" Deck.

American Quaker evangelist, and the other an English gentleman, Lord Radstock, who at present is in Egypt especially for the Y. M. C. A. work among soldiers but who has been able to give us a portion of his time this year. The first advance has been in enlisting the pastors and churches in definite evangelist work. The second has been in securing new openings and establishing our hold in the Coptic churches.

We were very fortunate in our evangelist this past winter. Mr. McPherson is a man of great religious fervour and has a Christian experience such as one rarely finds but at the same time he is very sane in his methods and exceedingly careful to conform to all the church order he finds in the community where he is called to work. Our first meeting was at Luxor just at the end of 1916. The pastor here is sympathetic and willing to follow up to a certain degree. The evangelist had had a good rest after his labours with Mr. Reed in the Assiut district, and he was prepared for the battle. Much time had been given in prayer for these meetings and we went in expecting victory in some form.

There is a membership here of not over one hundred and forty but every night for five nights and on the Sabbath our commodious church which seats about five hundred was filled to the doors. The people of the town do not know what to expect from this stranger. Would he be just an ordinary preacher or would he be some wild ranter that would furnish them with some good entertainment? They were not long in finding out that the message was put in a different form from any they had ever heard. The intense earnestness of the preacher left no doubt in their minds that he meant just what he said. His scathing denunciation of sin, followed with such apt illustrations drove the truth home to many a sinful heart. The third night of the meetings he used an illustration taken from F. B. Meyer on surrendering the last key to Jesus. In the after meeting this surrender of the keys was referred to over and over in the testimony of the men or in their prayers. There were about twenty present in the meeting, mostly church members, and they all agreed that they must give up the last key to Jesus. It was a heart searching time. One of our dear fellows had been engaged in questionable amusements, a mild form of gambling, and at that meeting God spoke to him in a very definite way as we now believe. In personal talks he agreed that this was a sin and that he must give it up, but he wasn't quite willing to make a clean breast of it before the others. We asked him if he was ashamed to have given it up. No he was not. Well then how are people to find out that you have given it up? He finally suggested that if we would arrange for a meeting of the church members alone that he would confess his sin and promise to give up playing altogether. This meeting was arranged for Sabbath just following the afternoon meeting. Some of those present were very much impressed and some were very much displeased. The reason was obvious. What was this? "Were we trying to make holiness people out of them? Something new under the sun. Why should a man thus publicly confess his sin?" It was a strenuous time. Some of the objectors became angry and yet I believe that God used it all to His glory.

The following night during the prayers the Holy Spirit came upon the men in a wonderful way. Those who were displeased absented themselves from the after-meeting and the Spirit had present only those who were seeking for blessing. And blessing came. *There were no testimonies,* only prayers, and it was principally marked by confession of sin. The pastor was the first and we felt that in his prayer he made a rather wonderful diagnosis of the spiritual condition in the church and took the blame on himself. After the meetings he said that he could never be the same man again and I think that he meant it. Another of our men who had been rather severe in his criticism of the holiness people for "working up a cry," when he attempted to pray broke down with rather noisy weeping. But it was genuine and no one seemed to criticise what was plainly a case of godly sorrow. For a while none could pray for weeping, and then the men just waited in silence before God. After the meeting closed one man said to me, "You have told us so often about men weeping for their sins but I half disbelieved you. Now I know what you meant by it. Truly we are a dry-eyed church and we now thank God that He caused us to see our sins." Now you may wonder why we dwell on this particular meeting. Is it because this meeting was typical of all the others? Not at all. Would that it were. The answer is in the above quotation from one of our Luxor men, "We are a dry-eyed church." Theologically our church is as sound as a dollar. Intellectually they stand high and for all this we thank God, but they are greatly lacking in spiritual fervour and it makes one's heart warm to see a few of them bowed low before God and offering to Him the sacrifice of broken spirit and crying out "Have mercy upon me O God according to Thy loving kindness."

After Luxor we were busy for a few days with committee work down at Assiut and meantime the "Ibis" had sailed up to Assuan where we had our next big meeting. Here there was strife between the pastor and his people which I am sorry to say is not settled at the time of writing, and this made things very difficult. We dealt very faithfully and frankly with them but thus far God has not been pleased to give us a solution. Notwithstanding this great hindrance there were some who got blessing from this meeting. We spent five days there in the work and the message was faithfully given and we trust that it will not return void to Him Who sent it.

After this we began floating down stream making a town each day. Once or twice an opposing wind prevented us from reaching our destination but as a rule we were in on time for the meeting. During this time Mr. McPherson went to Cairo, and three other stations in the down country. Our next meeting with him was at Kous just below Luxor. The pastor here is a splendid fellow of fine Christian spirit but exceedingly conservative. He was not quite sure that this new preacher we were bringing in might not introduce some unapproved methods or drag in something that might injure our sect. He wanted to be assured that everything would be done decently and in order. "Might it not be better just to have one of our missionaries come for a few night meetings?" then, "Could we not wait till the moon would be full?" We finally persuaded him that the dahabiyeh could not run back and forth as a railway train, nor could we afford to wait in Kous two weeks till the moon came full and we assured him that with all his knowledge of the people of his town that he was mistaken about their coming out in the dark and that plenty of hearers would be found if the opportunity was given them to hear the evangelist. The meetings began and the crowds came, all the church could accommodate. There were women who would go to the church at four o'clock in the afternoon and sit until the meetings began at seven in order that they might have a seat. In spite of the crowds the order was well nigh perfect and while the meetings were exceedingly quiet we felt that the Lord did a work that will manifest itself later. When we saw that the women had such a poor chance and that some were crowded out into the court of the church where they could not hear we planned a special meeting for them the morning of our last day in the town. Both Mr. McPherson and the interpreter felt that it was a meeting of unusual power and freedom.

Now I must tell you of Kena which is the next important congregation below Kous. It seemed best not to attempt meetings at Kena until after the meeting of the Synod which came after the first of March so we passed by this place intending that Mr. McPherson should come back to us after his meetings which were planned for the Synod and after that the College and then we would go by rail and stay at the pastor's house while we held the meeting. Mr. McPherson could not come. The Lord had not left us without a helper, however, for at the very time of our need he sent us Lord Radstock who wanted to spend a short time in the upper country. Kena is a very rich congregation and we have been greatly troubled at times because we felt that we could not get near to the people who were so comfortable that they felt no need for outside help. The coming of an English Lord at least had the effect of bringing them out to the meetings. When they heard his straightforward message put in the simplest and most earnest manner possible they were very much impressed. Judging from their actions many of them had thought wealth and position incompatible with a simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. When Lord Radstock told them that he didn't want them to think of him as an English nobleman but as a humble messenger of Jesus Christ it rather exploded some of their false notions. We felt that this meeting was one of great power. It was very quiet. Lord Radstock took the aftermeeting himself the last night and it seemed to be a very heartsearching time. One of the men whom we felt had been a stumbling block to others said that the life of a man like that was greater than his sermon and we rejoiced to know that he said it for we feel that if he yields it will mean a great blessing to the Kena church. There was no trouble about the meetings being too long and no questionings about methods used. The pastor spoke in the warmest terms of the meetings and promised to follow up the good work begun, and when he wrote to the church paper in Cairo he said quite all that could be desired in the way of commendation.

Kena was our last meeting but between Kous and Kena we had about six weeks of most interesting experiences. Dr. Zwemer came to the boat for a while during our Synod and held a few meetings. Then at Naga Hamadi we were joined by Lord Radstock. His ministry with us was principally in the Coptic churches. Just through this section we have some Copts who have never seen fit to invite the American missionary to speak in their Coptic churches. The first Sabbath we were at Bahjoura. Through a friend and adherent of our church, although he still calls himself a Copt, we were invited to go to the Coptic church. We had a great crowd and most perfect attention and to all appearances left the priests in a happy state of mind. The next night we were in the Coptic church of Naga Hamadi where I always have been cordially received by the Copts. The next night we went to Farchute. We had never had the least encouragement there although we had tried to get in on two former visits. We had seen a priest from this town a day to two before and through pressure of friends we had secured an invitation to go to the town. The meeting was held, however, in the house of a rich man in the place and the priest was present. It was a sight. The great open space in the middle of the house was crowded with about two hundred men, listening to what was perhaps the first real presentation of the Gospel many of them had ever heard. It is a most fanatical place and we were glad to have even a formal recognition by the priest. We will now feel at liberty to go and call on him and we trust that a link has been formed that will lead us to something better.

We then dropped down the river to Balyana. We had no notion of going to the Coptic church in this place for here the priest is famous for his opposition to our teachings. Last year I called on him when he was very ill but it had not seemed to make him friendly. Our first meeting was in the evangelical church, we call our church evangelical here in Egypt, and the second morning I went up to call on Tadros Bey who is the chief man of the Coptic church. He received us cordially and we told him of the presence of Lord Radstock and asked him to call on him. In the afternoon he came. There were several men who came to the river at the same time and as they were being rowed out to the dahabiyeh one of them ventured to suggest that it would be fine if we could have a meeting in the Coptic church. But the Bey thought that we had better have the meeting in our own church, so we said nothing more about it. Our men went off to get things ready at our church and the rich man was going to come along with us later. We were delayed a bit but on the way he suggested that we go past the Coptic church and see it. We told him that it was late and that we had sent the men on to open the meeting and must hurry. He insisted that we see his church as it would only take a moment. We went up to the church and greatly to our surprise when we entered we heard singing. We went and there were about a hundred men and perhaps as many boys from the Coptic school. It was a most awkward situation. I was afraid to leave lest we offend them and afraid to stay lest we offend them. So I said to one of our men who had come along, "Ask the priest what he wants. If he wants a meeting we are willing but if not we must move on as the people are expecting us at the other church." The priest replied to me, "It is all the same whether you have your meeting here or over there—if you want to have it here there is no objection." It was not a very cordial invitation but it was at least a permission and I was anxious to get into this particular church. So off went a messenger and in a little while along came the crowd that had collected at our church for the evening service. Altogether they made a fine audience. I had invited the Moslem officials of the town and they had turned out in force, going first to our church and then to the Coptic church. Lord Radstock preached a strong sermon and the interpreter did unusually well. It was the message of the Cross and those Moslem men got at least one sermon if they never have another. After the meeting we were shown the beauties of the church. It is wonderful. The rich Bey built it himself spending about thirty thousand dollars on it. The outside walls are simple and the furniture is nothing to boast of, but the inlaid work on the ceiling and the wood carving around the Holy of Holies in the church are real works of art. We had coffee and the priest said he was pleased with the meeting, and I think he was. The little visit gave an opportunity to talk with the Moslem officials and they each accepted a Gospel which was sent around the next day. Altogether we felt that we had real victory in Balyana.

At Girga we had a good time. Three years now I have preached in each of the Coptic churches when visiting the place. This year we went on Sabbath morning to the larger of the two churches and in the evening to the other. Both places were crowded and the people listened eagerly. It was convenient for us to stay over Monday, so we sent word through one of our teachers there that we would be glad to take another meeting if the way was open for it. The priest gave the permission rather grudgingly. He said that if we would supply the oil for the lamps we could come. We thought this rather cool and so the teacher asked why he has acted this way after being so cordial. He replied, "There is trouble between the two churches here and if I have your people too much I may get reported to the Bishop." As it was with us supplying the oil he could make a very good excuse if anything happened. However, he was very kind in the evening meeting and we felt that we had lost nothing by going back.

A Menshiah we had a most cordial reception in the Coptic church. I think the priest there is a true friend and I can say for him that I heard him preach a sermon two years ago that would be credit to any preacher. It was full of real gospel from beginning to end.

At Echmim we had a four days' meeting and at Sohag we had a great opportunity at the Coptic church on a Sabbath morning. Then came our Kena meeting of which we have spoken and then back to Luxor where we have been busy the past three weeks with things local. In the meantime Lord Radstock has been busy, too. He took several meetings in our church and preached once in the Coptic church—a privilege I have not yet had. This was a victory for now I have a standing invitation from the priest to visit them at any time and preach and you may be sure I will do it.

Last week Lord Radstock went to Assuan where he had five services in the Coptic church and apparently a time of blessing for some. He feels that it has been about the best service he has done while working with our mission. We do feel grateful for his coming for he has helped us to open many doors that have been tightly closed. The possibilities in the Coptic church are tremendous. Will you not pray that we may be wise and that we may not go too fast and yet not fall behind our opportunity to preach the Gospel to those who bear the name of Christ and yet do not show signs of living faith. We are sure that there are many Copts who really know the Lord and they need all the help we can give them.

Altogether we have had an interesting year on the river and we praise God for the privilege of once more being permitted to go among the common people bearing the message of eternal life.

LITTLE JOURNEYS WITH STUDENT PREACHERS.

By Mrs. Loretta Mitchell Hoyman, Cairo.

IT IS with much of the feeling of Christ as He sent out His disciples that the missionaries watch their students scatter for the summer months and it may be truly said of many a young man as in Mark's testimony of his Lord, "He went out from thence and He cometh into His own country * * * and when Sabbath was come He began to teach in the synagogue: and many hearing Him were astonished * * * and He went about the villages teaching."

Assiut College, the Theological Seminary, and the Evangelistic School furnish most of the workers though pupils and teachers of some other schools do splendid work. Some students are supported by Presbyteries or by the places where they preach, others by the Christian Union in the College and by private funds but some work part or whole time unpaid. Very few can afford to do the latter as they must provide for their next year's schooling.

It is no new errand to which vacation calls them for every Sabbath of the school year find men starting early on foot or donkey to twenty or more towns to preach the Gospel. This means preparing sermons, long trips, weariness, heat, often times indifference or opposition, sometimes plain mud and water. Once an American teacher and a student were going to a village for a service during high Nile. They walked along the top of a submerged wall and the former missing his narrow path fell into deep water. Some native clothes and the friendly sun prepared him for the homeward journey later.

One summer Farid went out alone unpaid in Upper Egypt. He said, "The society thought the people in one village would give me a donkey to ride to the next but I found that often they were unwilling and I had long walks in the heat. It was also suggested that I take up collections for my expenses but when I tried this the people said, 'We see that you are preaching only for money!' So I gave that up. I think it is much better for two to go together because often the people asked me to teach them to sing and after an hour of that begged for a sermon. Preaching night after night and visiting in the day time was difficult. It would be better to send people thus every year for in the places that had been visited many were eager to hear but in the new towns they said, 'What is this strange teaching?' and could not understand why I came or took me for a government inspector. Three schools were started that summer and we found men who had been in school a few years to teach in them at a salary of less than a pound (five dollars) a month."

Farid visited that summer sixty villages. In some he strengthened struggling shepherdless churches or gatherings and in some told for the first time of the Christ. One town, an ancient walled monastery with one gate, had a church with three priests. The rivalry among them resulted in their taking turns with the Sabbath services and the day's gains in money and offerings. One priest died and his sons inherited his prerogatives but to anger the others were holding no service on the Sabbath on which Farid came. After much search he found the key holders and persuaded them to open the church but they admitted only their own families and a few friends. It was their Sabbath they argued and if they did not care to have service it was no ones business. Afterward five hundred people came to hear his preach out of doors. One village kept him a week and as the meeting place was very small two or three hundred people gathered nightly in the fields under the stars to hear the Gospel.

Another summer Farid spent several weeks at A—, a town of fourteen thousand Bedouin or Arabs who have lived in Egypt about two hundred years. A few Copts in the place had found their spiritual food in presenting offerings and repeating prayers at a monastery two hours distant on the desert mountain. They quarrelled with the priest, but said, "We must pray," so asked the College to send them help. Thereafter a student went weekly spending three hours each way, on his donkey. Sometimes almost the whole trip would be made only to find the way cut off by high water. The Moslems here heard the Gospel gladly and often invited the preacher to sit with them but said that there were no consistent Christians there to show them how to live. Not a church member is yet found in the town but we feel sure that many know the Christ. What splendid Christians these fearless sons of the desert would make!

A few days ago Bowlis, a theological student, said, "It is strange that most of our trouble in preaching comes from the Copts." "Perhaps you preach among them more than among the Moslems." "Yes, we do not preach as we should among the Moslems and I have an intense desire to follow this kind of work." One summer when preaching in his home town he had great opposition from the Coptic bishop who sent spies to his meetings and severely reprimanded those of his flock who dared to attend. However this year relations are more friendly and the Protestant preacher is quite often called to address the audience in the Coptic church before he goes to his own pulpit. One day a harlot who lived next door to the church and had heard the preaching and singing came into a women's meeting. A week later she returned and that time Bowlis chose a special text and spoke of the precious ointment poured on Jesus' feet. Soon her house became the place for holding a women's meeting.

Bowlis was secretary of the committee for "Work in the Villages" last year in College and often came Monday morning to talk and pray over that work. His own preaching was at S— and he was greatly discouraged in October. "We would better leave S— and preach all the time in the new meeting at M—. One day I saw a man there as I rode to S— and asked him to come to church. He said it was too far but if we would start a meeting there he would come gladly. I told him that I would preach for them the next time I came and many people were waiting for me. But at S— I can hardly keep the people from going to sow grain on the Sabbath. Yesterday before church I visited a fanatical Copt and he said his sons were all in the fields. I held a little meeting with him and he exclaimed, 'I have sinned. My sons are asleep. I will awaken them that they may hear your words.' This family was visited often and some of them now attend church regularly."

We prayed much for this congregation, so weak and wavering, and it took on new life so that when Bowlis worked there and in M— for the five months between the end of College and the opening of Seminary twenty-one new members were added to their twenty-four. A number of others applied for admission but were told to wait, one woman for baking bread on Sabbath and a man because his work of leading stock to water kept him busy on the Lord's day. One new member is the daughter of a man once bitterly opposed to the church but now having a meeting in his house. The attendance increased to one hundred and fifty and one well-to-do man deciding to give a tenth of his income immediately began to erect a building. We are hoping that soon a strong self-supporting congregation with a pastor may be found where formerly only enough was contributed to pay the weekly travel of a student (about thirty cents).

Even imagination can hardly enable us to go with Hanna and Zaki in their tour of Gizeh Province. Not a single church lighted the darkness of a town large or small; not a preacher; nor a Bible woman; nor a missionary; and only one evangelist was telling the glad news in these crowding crowded towns. The Nile flows through green fields spread between the sunburnt desert hills but no River of Life gladdens the waste of human souls. One may follow a canal and find a bridge with the latest appliances for irrigating and improving the land but follow the path to a high brown patch in a wheat field and there are mud rooms, mud walls, dirt, and filth unrecordable, teeming with people. Oh the babies, the eyes, the flies, the women, the men! They crowd around you in swarms and your heart bleeds with the pity of them. Sixty-five towns the boys visited, sometimes welcomed, often rebuffed, telling patiently the Christ story and presenting ideals of better things.

One of our doctors said, "In the Delta just north of Cairo the Copts are bigoted and the Moslems fanatical but in Gizeh Province the people are simply dead. In one big Coptic church I saw five men and no women at a service—absolutely dead. The doors are wide open, the indifference is appalling, and the need awful. If our whole missionary force went into this district there would be plenty of work for them to do."

Oh this Egypt! Every where the need, the grinding poverty, the terrible fear of the evil eye, the worship of serpents, saints, evil spirit, jinn ("Arabian Nights" is truth, not fiction here). Can you not feel the heart hunger? Then "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Then pray for all young in Christian schools here and at home that they may see the Christ and that the vision may never be dimmed by the struggle for knowledge or wealth or mere existence. Oh, do pray, that, Christ's now and always, they and you and we may be "witnesses both in Jerusalem * * * and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

A VISIT AMONG THE CHURCHES OF ASSIUT PRESBYTERY.

By Mrs. Jeannette W. McClenahan, Assiut.

ASSIUT Presbytery is the largest of the five Presbyteries constituting the Synod of the Nile. In the providence of God Assiut was selected as the location of the first missionary family who came to the Upper Country. Those missionaries were Dr. John Hogg, his wife and Miss McKowen, who more than fifty years ago laid the foundations of the Evangelical work in the founding of Assiut College and Pressley Memorial Institute, and thus Assiut became the large evangelistic center of the Upper Country and Assiut Presbytery a very efficient factor in the evangelization of Egypt and the Sudan.

We naturally first speak of Assiut congregation. The beginnings of this great work were not made without difficulties. Obstacles of every kind were placed in the way of Dr. Hogg. His followers were persecuted and their Bibles were burned, but out of all these difficulties has arisen a strong, active wealthy congregation, the largest and wealthiest in the Protestant community of Egypt. They have a splendid church building, which will comfortably seat a thousand people, and it was built and furnished entirely by the Egyptian members of the congregation. The remarkable thing is that it is almost entirely filled every Sabbath. The pastor, Rev. Mowad Hanna, is a most able, earnest and effective pastor, having been the shepherd of this congregation for over twenty years. His wife was Miss Anisa Moosa, the daughter of Rev. Moosa, who spent thirteen years in the home-land, returning to Egypt where he labored until his death. The Lord has wonderfully used Mr. Mowad and his able wife in the city of Assiut, and in this congregation, which now numbers nearly four hundred.

Our Dear Doctor Watson and the Youngest Son of the Writer of This Article.

The women of this congregation have been used greatly in two ways. First, many of them have been reared in Pressley Memorial Institute, which has fitted them for evangelistic work as it is carried on by our volunteer workers in Assiut, thus reaching into homes otherwise unreached. Secondly, they have been greatly used in bringing in a new era in the matter of mourning customs. A complete transformation has taken place in this respect, and now many of our women have become splendid examples of Christian fortitude, and in their homes, during times of mourning, the Word of God is read and prayer is offered much of every day for days in succession and the Bible woman is asked to remain from early morning until evening, instead of the hired mourner, who in other days held sway. This influence has spread to many Coptic families, who ask for the Bible woman to come daily for a week of two after a death in the home, so that they, too, may have the quieting influence of the reading of the Word instead of the wailing. So we can see the influence of enlightened womanhood in our Assiut congregation.

So great has been the influence of the preaching of the Gospel in the city of Assiut, that not only have some minor mission communities sprung up in the recent years, but even in the great Coptic church regular preaching of the Gospel has been conducted for twenty-five years. The presence of an audience from five to six hundred people to hear the Gospel each Sabbath morning in a Coptic church, which for a thousand years had not known anything but the mumblings of a priest in an unknown language, and the celebration of the

Mass, is striking evidence of the power of the Gospel, when brought to a people in their own tongue.

There is still much to be said of religious activities as found in various other quarters of the city and in the College, Hospital and Pressley Memorial Institute, but we must pass on to another congregation at Nekhaila, a town about two hours south of Assiut.

A Pastor in Assiut Presbytery in the Midst of His Congregation. (Men's Side).

This congregation has the distinction of being the first organized congregation in the Presbytery and in many ways is an example to all. When the Foreign Secretary and Treasurer of the Women's Board were here some six years ago, they were taken to visit Nekhaila. It was on Tuesday, and when they discovered that there would be a prayer meeting that night, they inquired whether special meetings were being held. The reply was, "Oh no, we have a large prayer meeting with the church full every night, except Monday, when we have seven meetings in various parts of the town." "Well," said Mrs. Campbell, "how long have you been doing this?" "Since the beginning," was the reply. "And when was the beginning?" "About forty years ago," was the answer. That night at the close of the meeting the visitors asked all those who had attended the nightly prayer meetings in that church, for ten, or twenty, or thirty years, to stand. Scores arose at once and there was no longer doubt in the minds of the visitors as to the regular attendance of the nightly prayer meetings.

The congregation is entirely self-supporting and in addition conducts a very active and influential school for boys and girls. The pastor and the leading elder are graduates of Assiut College and a large number of its members, men and women, have received a Christian education at Assiut. The elder, Sheikh Guldas is what we would call, in America, "A live wire."

Our next visit was at Baiyadiyah, some three hours north of Assiut, and where we find another active pastorate. To know its secret, meet the pastor and his wife, both trained in Assiut. They are earnest, busy, devoted and gifted, and conduct a work in this village and community, which has won the blessing of God and the commendation of visitors. Their special success has been with the young people, from whom the strength of the congregation must come as years go by. One rarely sees in any country a more active company of children and young people than in this church. For years, and indeed until recently Sitt Senoura carried on the girls' school in her own house, teaching them herself, when funds were too low to hire a teacher, and training them in house-keeping as opportunities in her own home afforded. God gave to our good sister five dear children and while they were still babies took them again. It has been a deep sorrow to her and to her husband, but with sweet submission she always says, "My only comfort is, that it has left me free to serve these."

The work of this congregation is not confined to meetings in the church. On the street, in the homes, in the school, through distribution of Christian literature, they carry the Gospel to the people. A prayer meeting for the women is held every Saturday evening, with the pastor's wife as leader. A more spirit-filled meeting it has not been my privilege to attend. Scores of women do not know how to read, but a casual observer would not know it. They knew the Psalms. Everyone repeated a verse from memory, or read it from her Bible. Many lead in short prayers and of the ninety present, it seemed to me not one failed in taking some part.

Sanabu is another large and influential congregation. When Dr. Hogg first visited this town many years ago, the people insulted him and even threw filth upon him from the roofs as he passed along the streets. One young man who was incensed at the treatment of Dr. Hogg, became his friend. Largely through that young man, (who with his family has led the community out into the knowledge of the light of the Gospel) there has grown up, in that town, a most efficient work for the Master.

The congregation is self-supporting. They have a large and well furnished church. They conduct a strong school of two hundred pupils; they have in addition a good orphanage for boys and girls, out of which has already come two or three able workers in the ministry. This work is all carried on in substantial buildings erected by the congregation.

Each of these three congregations, Assiut, Nekhaila, and Sanabu conducts important evangelistic work in the surrounding villages. Members go two by two, the expense of the work being carried on by the evangelistic fund of the congregation.

We have now spoken of the work in four of the best congregations. What a lift one gets as one visits them! Let us now go to others in this Presbytery of the smaller and weaker congregations, but where we still see earnest, honest effort on the part of a few.

Nag Labu is not far from Assiut. It is only a village, full of fanatical Moslems and Copts who would offer equal opposition to the preaching of the Gospel. For a few years the students of the College have gone there to preach on Sabbath mornings, and gradually the work has opened up. Earnest preaching brought conviction and conviction brought united effort on the part of the few who became believers. All last year one of the Seniors in the College gave his Sabbaths to this company of people, and God led many to the truth through him. At a recent communion conducted by a neighboring pastor, one of the applicants for admission to membership was refused by the whole company sitting in counsel, because he had watered the cattle of the citizens on Sabbath and took pay for it; another because he had permitted his wife to quarrel with a neighbor; and a third because he believed the observance of the sacrament would save him. How carefully and wisely this little company has had to proceed in securing of a place in which to worship. Every move toward buying a site or purchasing brick, or erecting a wall, has been met by opposition on the part of both Moslems and Copts. But they are growing and the Lord is manifestly with them. The leading member has come to value the giving of the tithe and others are following him. The Senior of last year is now a First Year Seminary student and is to be with them five months this summer. He is a most promising young man and has the heart of each one in the little congregation at Nag Labu.

Arab Mtair lies away back near the mountain at the east side of the Nile Valley. It is only a village inhabited by Bedouin, whose fathers came across from Arabia during the Moslem invasion. They are a wild unruly Mohammedan community. For centuries they, like all Bedouin have been largely independent of any government regulations. A few Copts have been protected by them and have lived among them, largely as serfs. Among them was one, Luke, by name, who though nominally a Christian, was as wicked a man as one could find. He committed every crime in the category and wandered over Egypt indulging in only what was evil. In his travels one day he heard the Gospel and his heart was touched. He returned to his village and tried to settle down. Hearing that students from the College were preaching in the villages not far away, the Gospel which he had heard, he tramped to Assiut and made inquiries. He met the officers of the College Students' Christian Union and begged them to conduct a work in his village. They have done so now for four years and from that little mud hut each Sabbath morning issues the sound of praise and increasing numbers gather to hear the Gospel. Luke pays the donkey hire and he himself conducts the meeting if the student is unavoidably detained. Luke is letting his light shine as an example of the power of the Gospel to every one that believeth, and Arab Mtair will soon be a congregation.

Dewair is a country congregation south of Assiut. For twenty years it had a pastor who had never gone to college or seminary, but who had received special training with Drs. Watson, Lansing, Hogg and Harvey. He knew the Gospel message and he worked. He brought students to the College by scores to be trained for Christian life and service. The strongest layman in our Egyptian church; the editor of our Arabic church papers and a splendid worker amongst Moslems; the head of the Boys' School in Cairo, who is a splendid educator and elder; the head of our Luxor Boys' School; the pastor at Minya; and numbers of leading evangelists and members of our other churches. Dewair has been fruitful.

Assiut Presbytery's congregations represent every type of native church, from the poorest and most humble, to the flourishing and independent. Many of them are mere companies of less than a dozen members, and from them the Gospel is carried to towns where there are no believers. Everywhere men are seeking that which alone satisfies their longing. Readers shall you and I not give it to them? If your hearts have been encouraged with the first four of these congregations, remember that our united effort can plant many more, which will be just as fruitful and as prosperous, if we will only rise and do it. May God help us to seize the opportunity.

A JOURNEY AMONG THE COPTIC CHRISTIANS IN THE DELTA.

By M. S. Roy, Alexandria.

TO ONE who has spent the years of his missionary career in the larger cities of Egypt, an appointment to district work for a month came as a welcome change. The pleasure of the experience was greatly heightened by working in the Delta from the Delta Car. Those who provided and planned the Delta Car, certainly deserve the thanks of all who will use it in the years to come. District work in it is a pleasure.

The month was spent in the thickly

populated district just north of Tantah. Though our efforts were directed largely towards the Moslems, yet we also had opportunity of meeting and talking with many of the Coptic Christians of the villages which we visited in that district. The Coptic Christians in the Nile Valley south of Cairo are relatively more numerous and influential than in the Delta, numbering one for about every eight of the population, while in the Delta they number not more than one for every forty or fifty. But because of their fewness and timidity, they have allowed themselves to drift from the doctrines of their faith, until the ratio of one to every forty or fifty must be widened greatly to express their relative need and influence.

A GROUP OF DELTA CHRISTIANS.

Our work among the Copts which we met in the various villages was rendered more difficult by a visit from the head bishop of the Delta, on his tour through his diocese. We did not meet the gentleman, but everywhere we felt the power of his opposition. Many of his people openly denounced his methods, saying that he only came to collect money, eat turkeys, and that he spent his time in talking politics, and never pretended to teach them religious truth. Though this was the feeling of many, yet the fear of his anathemas, if they came near us, kept many away. However, they did not hesitate to come to us, if they felt there was no danger of the priest seeing them. They listened attentively to the reading and explanation of the word. In some places we found the young men in open rebellion against his authority. In the first village we visited, we found a society of young men, meeting every night to read the Bible, sing hymns, and pray together. Yet instead of receiving encouragement, they were denounced as heretics. Our hearts went out to them in their trying circumstances. A little band of men, possibly not more than a dozen, gathered from the five hundred Copts of that village in which there were twenty thousand Moslems, with nothing to help them up, with so much to pull them down, searching for the light, and yet denied the light by those who should be giving it to them. We spent a few hours with them and then had to pass on to other villages which are just as needy. Though that village is near to one of our central stations, yet it will be many months before one of our workers will be able to visit them again.

One Sabbath morning while stopping at a village of seventeen thousand, of whom only one hundred families were Christian, we visited the Coptic church. Not more than a score of men and boys had gathered for the service. The priest who was in charge was in an inner room with a number of boys who were his helpers, was inaudibly chanting the form of service. At suitable times, indicated not by their understanding but by his movements, they crossed themselves and repeated certain forms of prayer. After dispensing communion, he washed the cup and threw the water in the air. Those present rushed forward to catch a few drops of the descending blessing . The service was then over. We were not permitted to preach to them, as is often permitted and even requested in Upper Egypt, but we were allowed to hold a meeting in the entrance court where all sat about smoking, and a few listened attentively as we tried to make plain to them the need for a New Birth.

A marked change has come in the attitude of the Copts towards us and our work, at least, a change in outward form. The time for such opposition as our pioneers met with has passed, but the feelings that aroused it still fills the hearts of many.* They denounce us strongly among themselves, though they recognize that the character of our followers excels theirs. However many of them are attending our services regularly, and in the Upper Country, our missionaries are often invited to their meetings, and sometimes preach to audiences of several hundreds in their churches. Many more would come to us, if they were not forbidden by their priests in the "Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

The Copts of the Delta are specially needy. They are discouraged by their priests from having and reading the Bible, and therefore their Bible knowledge is very limited. One man said Christ was crucified three times. Another that he was crucified by driving the nails through His ears. The ignorance of many is well illustrated by an experience which our pastor had when he was an evangelist. One day he was called to marry a friend in an adjoining village. The man who brought the donkey for him was a Copt. As they journeyed along, the pastor began to teach him about our sinfulness, and Christ's dying on the cross for our salvation. The Copt became very angry at the latter statement and said, "He was not crucified, but a likeness to Him," the exact expression which the Koran uses. He further said that if the pastor continued to say that Christ was crucified that he would do all he could to prevent his performing the marriage ceremony. He attempted to do so but the pastor only seized this as an opportunity to preach a sermon to the assembled guests. This man's condition is typical of many who have lost through their contact with the Moslems all their own religion except its name, and have absorbed that of their Moslem neighbors. Many Copts profess a belief in the Resurrection of Christ but are uncertain as to whether they themselves will rise or not. They seem content to pass by this doctrine from which we derive so much comfort. Recently, while we were studying the raising of Lazarus, one of the Coptic women present, who is able to read well, knew nothing about Christ. She was certain that He rose on Friday —the Moslem Sabbath. The Moslems believe all their children will be saved, but that the children of Christians will

A Delta Village Bible Woman and her little orphan niece who is longing to prepare herself for this same work. When given the doll, she said, "I like the doll but what I want most is to get to go to school." As yet in the Delta we have no Boarding School for such as this child.

go to a place between Paradise and the place of fire. But the Copts believe that all children not baptized, will go to Hell. We know of a Coptic bishop in a certain district, who is well educated and has in his library all the books that we teach in our Seminary at Cairo, and the best Arabic commentaries on the Bible. Recently he wrote a book on prayer. One of his suggested petitions addressed to the Virgin Mary, runs thus, "Save us from the everlasting fire." Is it any wonder that the Moslems sometimes accuse us of having three Gods, and think that Mary is one of them. We rejoice that many Copts these days are abandoning this and similar doctrines.

A DELTA COLPORTEUR.

It sometimes happens that when we enter a town, if we do not have any of our own people there, that some Copt comes forward readily to show us about. However, this is not always an unmixed blessing, for it often happens that the one doing so is prompted by unworthy motives, or is one who is a stumbling-block in our way of approach to the Moslems. In one village of four thousand which we visited, we found but one Coptic Christian. As we walked through the streets with him, we heard him telling lies, swearing, and using phrases which no one but a Moslem should use. While we preached to the Moslems in shops and in little groups—and they were laughing at us—this man was ashamed of us. Men of his stamp are not only a stumbling block in the way of the Moslems, but a positive hindrance to us in our work in the villages, because the Moslems confuse the life that they see lived before them with the life to which we are trying to win them.

We discovered that the most of the families we visited were using wine. This does not mean that they all use it to excess and are drunken. However, drunkenness is increasing rapidly. We are sad to say it is on the increase among the Moslems also, especially among the better class. One day in passing a store kept by a Moslem, we were invited to enter to rest for a time. We soon discovered a big advertisement for cogmag and called the owner's attention to it. He told us it was only there as an ornament but that he had been guilty of selling it. Just a year before our visit, one of our missionaries had visited him, and rebuked him for selling it. He said the missionary was right, and that he had not sold a bottle since that day and never would do so again.

Just this past month, one of our colportuers went to the Coptic church in this city to sell Bibles and portions of Scripture to those who would come for the service on Good Friday. Not to cause any offense, he did not enter the church itself, but took his place with the vendors of sweets and peanuts in the court outside. One of the priests noticed him and drove him away, although the others were allowed to remain. He remonstrated quietly but was compelled to go. Most of the priests do not know the Bible. They do not use it in their churches, and they oppose any attempt to put it into the hands of their people. In some places this condition is being remedied but the progress is very slow.

In several cities of Egypt a reform movement has been started. The priesthood has remained stationary while hundreds of the younger generation have secured an education. The writer attended one of their meetings a few months ago. In it were some of the brightest Coptic young men in the Egyptian nation. They did not mince their words but held their spiritual leaders up to the sharpest ridicule. These young men are restless. They do not respect the priests and they will not follow them. They are rebellious as they observe the intellectual inferiority of their leaders. They resent their manners and mode of dress. They resent the fact that the priests have the complete control in expending the immense incomes from the legacies of their church. But they will not break away from the mother church, because they believe they can regenerate her, and restore to her something of her former glory. Those who know this movement do not anticipate this result. These men may be able to revive their church intellectually, but too many of them themselves are unregenerate, and therefore unable to lead in any deep spiritual movement.

To those of us who are working in a land where the number of those you are trying to reach so greatly exceeds the number of those who are called Christian, it is sad to see several hundreds of the latter becoming Moslems each year. Almost always the change is not one of heart, because they are not Christian at heart, so much as of name. There are so many inducements offered. Marriage is the most common one. It also often proves an easy way to secure money to meet some troublesome debt, and so it is estimated that from three hundred to six hundred become Moslems each year. But this fact, sad as it is, is not so sad as the attitude of the Copts towards the winning of the Moslems for Christ. Long years of oppression from their more numerous neighbors has not increased their love for them. No subject we can bring up is quite so distasteful to many of them. Their attitude is well illustrated by a conversation I had with a Copt recently in one of the villages. He was a leading man among them for he had made his pilgrimage to Jerusalem and has read his Bible through eighty-four times. I visited his home, read and prayed with him, and talked about our duty to seek to win the Moslems to Christ. He became indignant at the idea and said, "I say to Moslems, Oh you Moslems, you wild beasts, you do not know anything." And this man is not alone in his opinion of the Moslems, or in his attitude of hostility towards winning them for Christ. As we worked in his village, we could feel that he and his co-religionists were a positive hindrance to us in our efforts. It was a spirit of contention, and a lack of missionary zeal and vision, that lost this country to Christ. And it is only when the Spirit of God shall cleanse their hearts, and renew their vision that it shall be won again.

MIRIAM'S WEDDING.

A Journey With a Moslem Bride to Her Husband's House.

By Davida M. Finney, Mansoura.

"NOW, MIRIAM," I said to her the day after her engagement to Abd el Hady, "You'll not get married without inviting me to the wedding will you?"

"Never," she assured me; "You and Miss Finney are to be there. I shall manage it somehow, no matter what my uncle says. I couldn't get married unless Miss Finney was there."

So with this promise I rested content during the summer months.

Poor Miriam! At last she was really to be married. Five times had she evaded marriage, three times running off after a thrilling escape from the house to take refuge with the missionaries, leaving behind her an indignant family and a disgruntled bridegroom. But now Miriam was tired, nigh even unto death. Her health was breaking under the strain, her spirit weary with endless arguments and abuse. She had, just two days before, been released by her family itself from the fifth engagement to a middle-aged, evil hearted, evil-mouthed man, already having one wife and two children at home; but only on condition that she agree to a marriage with her cousin, Abd el Hady. This cousin, by the way, was the man from whom she had run away just the time before while being carefully guarded by Sitt Hanum at Semanoud. And Miriam had promised she would not run away again if Abd el Hady would not interfere with her Christian faith or her Christian friendships. This he had faithfully promised he would do—much to our surprise, for he had been a most bigoted Mohammedan. But Miriam's spirit seemed to have pleased Abd el Hady. He was determined to marry her, he even loved her devotedly after a fashion. His courtship had been a most entertaining one—with frequent visits, gifts, etc.—very Western, not at all Mohammedan.

It was the last day of August when Miriam and Sitt Hanum came to invite me to the wedding. It was to be the next night, and we should all travel up to Aga to the groom's house where the ceremony was to take place. It should, by right, take place in her uncle's house in Alexandria, but he had been so incensed at her last rather public evasion of matrimony that he had refused to have anything more to do with her. This was really providential, for were it there Miss Finney and I would never be admitted.

SITT HANUM AND MIRIAM.

Well, next morning Sitt Hanum, Miriam, Hamed (her brother), and I took the nine o'clock train for Aga, Miss Finney joined us at Tanta. Sitt Hanum was in high good humor and broke forth into shrill joy cries every once in a while. Miriam was tired. They had daubed her with henna the night before and she had not got to bed until two o'clock.

At Semanoud we all got out. Here we would have to cross the river and drive over to Aga, five miles away. As we stepped out on the platform we found a delegation awaiting us—Mohammed Bey, the oldest brother of the groom and so the head of the house, many friends and retainers. These gentlemen, in flowing robes and umbrellas, preceded us up the street to Sitt Hanum's house, that lady herself puffing along beside Miss Finney (for she is fat and unused to walking, though still in her twenties), while Miriam and I came meekly, though a trifle hilariously, in the rear. Poor Miriam! It was all so ridiculous—all these dignified folk so portentiously grave, there was so much ceremony to be gone through with, things so ridiculous that when she herself must go through with them she must either laugh or weep most bitterly. I think Miriam's sense of humor saved the day.

After reaching Sitt Hanum's house came a delay of an hour and a half. We had arrived at noon, and as time went on began to feel that dinner was long, long, overdue. Nothing appeared, however, but small cups of coffee. These loomed large, somehow, in the face of threatening famine, and we swallowed the thimbleful with a sense of gratitude.

At last came a knock on the door, and Mohammed Bey swept majestically in to announce that all was now ready for the journey to Aga. So forth we sallied once more, our retinue increased by the bellana and several other important individuals. Now a bellana is a "bath-woman," and is by far the most important person at a wedding. She dresses the bride, then becomes master-of-ceremonies, watching that she conducts herself properly, and that all the fine points of wedding ettiquette are observed. This bellana was a small, shrivelled-up woman, who smoked incessantly—but withal rather snobbish.

Arrived at the river's edge, we embarked in a gaily decorated little boat. As we stepped out at the other side, we were greeted with a great hubbub of runnings to and fro, crying out, etc. Looking up we discovered the whole town of Minia (we had landed there) out to share in the excitement. And lo! a marvelous sight! Above us on the bank stood the wedding carriage. Have you ever seen a Mohammedan wedding carriage? It must be a covered one so that the bride shall be decorously hidden from sight. Since no orthodox one was available in so small a town, they had improvised one by fastening shash (colored cheese-cloth) over an ordinary two-seated carriage. The hood was up, the shash came down between the wheels, and the driver sat on it in front to keep it in place. It looked so funny and home-made that we burst out laughing. But just at this moment a sudden blare of music broke forth to greet the bride. Grouped before the carriage stood the band—some native band imported to honor the occasion and simply overawe the natives. Such a band! Do you know the idea of music in the East? If it isn't in a plaintive minor sung in the shade on some hot summer's day, or far off in the stillness of a close black night, if it isn't the rythmic beat of the tom-toms, it's noise. Such noise! They tooted and blared and clamored, each instrument shrieking defiance to his fellows, and the whole loudly defying heaven and earth and all therein who might foolishly carry an ear. For one instant we stood stunned ,then, urged to motion by the men folk, we climbed the bank and were shoved hastily and unceremoniously within the folds of shash.

Peering through as best we could we saw the procession slowly forming. Four men took their stand beside the carriage (which position by the way, they maintained the whole way), clutching the shash lest any adventurous soul might snatch a glimpse within. Another climbed up beside the driver and helped him sit down on the shash in front. Abd el Hady, whom we now discovered, was careening around on a gorgeously caparisoned mule. The Bey mounted a donkey, various other dignitaries mounted donkeys, the band came to a triumphant close, and stood at attention, the multitude fought and jostled for the front ranks. At last all seemed ready. With a fresh burst of drums and horns the procession got under way. Slowly and impressively we paraded through the main street of Minia. The dust raised by the hundreds of feet filled the air.

At the edge of town came a sudden halt. We could not, through the shash, make out what was the trouble. Miriam took matters in her own hands, and made a long slit in it just under the driver's left arm. Peering out of this we saw all there was to be seen—the band, it seemed, had refused to walk five miles to Aga. Soon a rough flat cart came rattling up, the band climbed up and disposed itself around the edge, feet hanging over. All settled, they burst into the tune just where they had left off, and on we went. We had expected to leave the crowd behind us, but over a hundred men and boys kept right on with us. They ran and trotted through the blazing heat, mopping their streaming faces with their sleeves or the tail of their galabeeyas. How they did it I cannot understand. We in the carriage were nearly suffocated with dust and heat.

The journey took an hour and a half. At last the town of Aga lay before us. And as we drew near the wonder grew. For out of the town, fully half a mile away, began to pour a stream of men, women and children. These as they met us turned and went with us. But it was when we entered the town that wonder overwhelmed us. For Aga is a fair-sized town, and Aga had turned out to meet us—men by the hundreds, women with poor bare-headed babies astride their shoulders, children of all sizes, ages, and descriptions. There must have been two or three thousand people there. It was just a huge rabble, surging and clamoring around us.

All was done in honor of the occasion that could be done. The women with one accord broke into shill joy cries. A juggling dancer, suddenly produced, performed before us. He had a long, gayly decorated pole, and did wonderful things with it. Miss Finney, by the way, could stand the shash on her side no longer, so now made a slit under the driver's right arm. It really was scandalous! A bride's carriage modestly shashed, but with two large slits in front out of which all four took turns gazing at the sights around us. I expected a scandalized groom to dash up on his mule and order the holes pinned shut, but after all they seemed to have some sense of justice to Miriam and the foreign ladies.

Well, we toured the town for half an

hour. Those of the women who couldn't leave their houses hung over the low roofs and added their cries to those of the women below. Never shall I forget two old women who somehow constituted themselves our special body guard and persisted in emitting the most fearful joy cries I have ever heard. They were ear-splitting, weird, heathenish. No one could stop them—they would not be gagged. I dream of these women yet at times—two old witches, who, instead of brewing magic potions, were busy evoking the sounds of the nether regions, and seemed given supernatural aid in their wicked work.

But at last we drew near the house, standing on the edge of town. Sitt Hanum pointed it out—a two-story blue-washed house, with small narrow windows. And now came the climax of the drive. Abd el Hady, the Bey, and the other mounted friends, charged about among the rabble ordering them back, the women gave the joy cry all at once, the band did its ear-splittingest, the carriage dashed up to the door with a great cracking of the whip and "hissing" of horses and we had arrived. The men dismounted, the Bey hastened to the carriage, lifted the now rather tattered shash, and requested Miriam to descend. And now did Her Superior Highness, the bellana, come into her own. She took Miriam by the hand and pulled her quickly to the open door. We caught a glimpse of the interior crowded full of women. As Miriam passed in she was suddenly showered with a handful of . This ceremony insured her always having plenty as a housewife.

This little ceremony over, a passage was forced through the mob of spectators, and we escaped to the bedroom upstairs. At once the door was slammed shut and locked, and peace and quiet reigned. What a relief! The comparative quiet seemed a miracle!

"Well," said Miss Finney, as she poured herself a drink from an ullah, "I hope they won't be long serving dinner."

But all things in their time. First Miriam must be dressed. The bellana captured her and led her into the adjoining room. She squatted on the floor, seated Miriam before her, while all the immediate family squatted in an admiring circle in the rear. A basin of water reposed on the floor at her right, a large bone comb at her left. Then such washings, and combings, and fixings as followed! When it was all over we beheld Miriam in a white brocaded silk dress trimmed in tulle and white rose-buds, her hair piled high on her head, a long net veil fastened on with orange blossoms and many little gold ornaments, white satin slippers, and a silk handkerchief.

"But," you say, "That's not a Mohammedan bride—that's Western."

True, but Miriam's family is one of some standing, and Miriam the only sister. They were only too eager to clothe her with what they considered the "very latest from Paris," though they had no compunctions in threatening her very life by their abuse on religious topics.

But now the bellana was producing a knotted handkerchief, and taking out little bottles and boxes, and alas! Miriam was soon a Miriam we knew no longer. First came a layer of thick white cream, then vivid pink cheeks were added, wonderfully penciled eye-brows, and then, horror of horrors! the whole lavishly sprinkled with a small glistening substance that made her face shine and glisten like a Christmas tree!

"Ah-h-h!" breathed the admiring

family as the bellana sank back on her heels to survey her work.

"Such a bride!" said one to another, "Isn't she frangie (foreign)!"

"Yes," said the other, "Aga has never seen the like of that before. Won't everyone look like a fellah beside her!"

Miriam herself took one look in the glass and then began to laugh.

"Hush!" said the bellana, "You'll bring bad luck on yourself. Come along now, everyone is waiting to see you."

So we all followed her out to the reception room. She seated Miriam on the divan at one end, and us near her.

"I really must see about dinner," said Miss Finney, and broached the subject politely to Sitt Hanum, only to be assured that it was coming, "in just a moment!"

In the meantime the bellana had reappeared with the dancing women. We had known these must come, for no wedding is a wedding without them. These women were a most unattractive lot—dressed in ugly, high-necked, long sleeved, long-tailed galabeeyas, the only stamp of their trade found on their bold, coarse faces. They danced for half an hour, while the audience showered silver pieces into Miriam's lap—as their share in the wedding, I was told, to help defray the cost of these women.

But now, five-thirty p. m. at last and at last! dinner was announced. As we took our places round the funny round table I was fervently hoping there would be "enough." Well there was. The dinner consisted of fifteen courses, including some turkey, chicken, an ice, if you please, things too numerous to mention. Was it too much? Well, suppose you wait from seven o'clock breakfast until five-thirty dinner, and see if anything would be too much. It was enough.

After dinner came the long hot evening. The groom would arrive at midnight. There was nothing to do now but wait until he came. Miriam was supposed to sit meekly, with downcast eyes, on the divan during all this time. But Miriam was not an ordinary bride. She talked and laughed, she moved from room to room, she even tried on another dress to show it to us. The bellana was most indignant, but this seemed to impress Miriam very little. Miss Finney, when not talking to Miriam, was talking to the other women. She finally got into a long talk with the bellana herself. She began with asking about her family, herself. I was surprised to find that this very superior seeming person had a very sad life—her husband had deserted her, she was supporting her children. Then came questions as to her work, and fearful and wonderful facts were disclosed. Here Miss Finney waxed a trifle indignant, and asked if she, a self-respecting woman, wasn't ashamed to drive such a trade. For a while I thought a heated argument was imminent, but it ended up with the pitiful reiteration, "But I must feed my children." Then came some gentle explanation of "Saidna Isa" (Our Prophet Jesus, for so is He known to Mohammedans), and just how He could help her need. I held my breath —this was indeed carrying the battle into the very midst of the enemy's ranks. We were guests, but utter strangers, and this a most bigoted house. However, the bellana seemed pleased, touched even. I noticed that from that time she seemed to wish to be near Miss Finney. She was no longer Her Superior Majesty, but now a lonely silent woman.

At ten-thirty we had another half-hour of dancing, but this was all. Sitt

Hanum is a born manager; she saw to it that as little as possible of that sort of thing took place. Then several times during the evening the little sheikh came in and read portions from the Koran.

A few minutes to twelve Sitt Hanum came around with candles. Yes, every one must have a lighted candle to greet the groom. I had not known before the custom lasted until this day. Just at twelve came a great commotion—the groom was arriving. At once the tom-toms began, the dancing women danced, all was commotion. At last he appeared at the door, looking very impressive in a stylish frangi suit. Between the rows of lighted candles he came marching slowly until he reached the divan. Miriam had been standing, they joined hands, they sat down. The ceremony was over—he had seen his bride. (Of course Abd el Hady had seen Miriam many times before, but I am speaking theoretically). Later one more little ceremony remained. As they passed in at the bed-room door, we beheld his mother standing with one foot raised high in the air. Miriam, it seemed, was to stoop and pass beneath it, to acknowledge herself entirely beneath her mother-in-law's rule. But Miriam refused. Pretending not to see it, she sailed serenely around it.

Later, they took us down-stairs to a room containing two beds. Here we were to sleep. Miss Finney and I took one bed, Sitt Hanum and the sheikh's mother another. Later another woman came in and got in with them. At last all grew quiet. We were just falling asleep when suddenly bedlam broke loose just outside our door—tom-toms, dancing women, shoutings, laughter. It was the men who had come over with the groom, who now were going to have a little more. Sleep fled, we sat up in bed. Then I wish you could have heard Sitt Hanum. First she called loudly for a servant. One appeared, and she ordered silence. But nothing happened. She called again and again, but no servant came. And then, indignant and insulted, she began. It was the dancing women she chose to attack. She began on their families and antecedents. In a moment the door burst open, and the little sheikh came in. In vain he remonstrated. Sitt Hanum but turned the vials of her wrath on him, and he fled. Raising her voice, she continued. Passing on from their families she came to the women themselves—their lives, their character. Never have I heard such a flow of invective. Suddenly the noise stopped, silence reigned. The door opened and the Bey swept in.

"What is the meaning of this?" he began.

"The meaning of this?" stormed in Sitt Hanum, "I'll tell you." And she did. Was their family the kind that resorted to what low cafes had? Had he no respect for the guests beneath his roof? Finally the Bey capitulated.

"Malaish, malaish," he assured her; "it will be stopped. But just you keep quiet." And he hastily beat a retreat. He was as good as his word, for all were sent about their business and silence reigned. A little later the door opened gently, and the little sheikh crept in. Spreading a covering on the floor, he curled himself up, and soon was fast asleep.

Next morning at eight we were awakened and hurried out of the room. For several other guests had had no place to sleep all night, and were but waiting to take a turn on these beds!

We had breakfast, and soon after came train time for me. Miss Finney was staying on till evening. My last glimpse of Miriam was of her sitting on the divan—painted, dressed in gorgeous pink silk, tired, patient. That divan! Many a long hour would Miriam sit there. She was a bride now. She would not be allowed to leave the house for months, not even climb up on the roof.

"It's all right?" I asked her rather anxiously, as I bade her good-bye. "You're not afraid?"

But Miriam smiled, "Oh no," she said, "I'm not afraid at all. You know God is always very near—and dear. And besides," she added, her face brightening even more, "You know Abd el Hady has promised Miss Finney to read a chapter from the Bible with me every day."

Poor little bride of sixteen! May that Mohammedan promise yet lead even Abd el Hady to come to Him Who died that such might be washed of their deep sin, and given a place in the glorious Life and Light Everlasting.

INTO SOME HOMES OF GIRLS WHO HAVE GRADUATED FROM MISSION BOARDING SCHOOLS.

By Ruth A. Work, Assiut.

DON'T YOU love to visit? I do. You mothers who know what joy it is to visit your daughters in their homes, would you not like to visit the homes of some of your Egyptian daughters? Nothing would give us more pleasure than to escort a party about among the homes of the daughters of the Boarding Schools of Egypt. Just as when you visited your daughter in America, so here you must be prepared to meet surprises—some happy, some disappointing. We shall be made most welcome wherever we go, and you will hear more polite expressions during this little tour than you have heard in all your life at home.

If there be in our party some who forty-three years ago heard the plea for "$500 for the establishment of a Mission Boarding School," they will want to visit in the homes of some of the "Old girls" who were in school in the '70's. Others will want to visit in the homes of some for whom their latest gifts have made boarding school training a possibility.

There lies on my desk a little green-paper-covered report of the "American Mission in Egypt for the Year 1873." Under the quaint heading, "Osioot Female Department," we find this plea: "What the Protestant community earnestly asks for is that their daughters may be taught the branches of a common school education and such household work as they can not learn at home, with habits of cleanliness, method and economy. In no way can this be accomplished but by opening a Boarding School." A foot-note evidently added in 1874, gives among other encouraging news the following items: "Boarding Schools for Girls have been opened in Osioot and Cairo." Some twenty-five years later a Boarding School was opened at Luxor, and since then the Tanta Boarding Department and Cairo College have been added, making five Boarding Schools in all.

And now shall we proceed to visit a few of the scores of girls that have gone out from these schools in the past forty-three years? Shall we go first to visit dear old Aunt Matilda? If you want to see her face light up just ask her about her school days. You must give up all thought of making other calls this afternoon, for this dear old lady can entertain us for hours with tales of her school days, and of how she and her father defied the opposition of the Coptic priests who thought it a reproach for a girl to learn to read, and with the recounting of blessings that have come to herself and her home as a result of those precious days in school, when the children lived in close touch with Dr. and Mrs. Hogg and Miss McKown. "Yes, we learned to bake and to scrub, to cook and to sew. I thank God that I was taught to work with my own hands, and that I learned to read—especially that I have been able to read the Bible all these years. I haven't forgotten anything Sitt McKown taught me."

No. 1. (In upper left hand corner). AT THE CAIRO GIRLS' COLLEGE.
No. 2. THE PRESSLY MEMORIAL INSTITUTE (GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, ASSIUT) ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

You are not accustomed to making calls on Monday morning? Never mind just this once, for I can assure you an informal call on our pastor's wife will not seem out of place to her. You will need no translating here, for she knows English well. She meets us looking "as neat as a pin," (and with that satisfied expression that comes from useful toil accomplished). Just to satisfy you, we think to apologize for calling at this untimely hour, and suggest that we may be keeping her from her work. Her face, as well as her words, put us at ease as she says, "No, I am quite free now. This is my day for cleaning the bedrooms, (I have a special day for each part of the work), but we finished them at ten o'clock." Sitt Tafeeda is a Cairo Boarding School girl, one who speaks of Mrs. Stewart (Miss Johnson) as "a true mother to me." In speaking of housecleaning she said, "It was Miss Johnson that taught me to clean windows, as well as many other useful lessons." By the way, Sitt Tafeeda has promised to give the eighth-year "home making" class of one of our Boarding Schools a talk on house work, giving a definite plan for the week's work as well as for the daily work. Well may Mrs. Stewart and Miss Thompson be proud of this woman, who excels not only as a housewife, but as a Christian woman and mother, and home-maker, as wife—an ideal pastor's wife—as friend, one whom you would appreciate having as your personal friend.

Come to the home of one of our Mission School teachers? Mr. and Mrs. Matta with their eight olive plants form one of the happiest families one can find anywhere. (The father and mother are just returning from the dentist's as we reach their house, and the children rejoice with the mother that she has finished her dentistry). The little baby is the center of attraction in this home, and well might they "rave" over such a dear sweet child. As we talk some mention is made of a school diploma, and Sitt Nuzha tells us that her class, the class of '97, was the first class to receive real diplomas from the Mission School. No sooner is this mentioned than bright ten-year-old Louis asks, "Would you not like to see my mother's diploma?" As he and his father bring the document, one cannot tell which is the prouder of it. But you and I, interested though we be in this, are more deeply interested in her conversation, as she tells of her daughter's increasing interest in household duties, rejoices when we tell of her progress in school, tells how one of her boys in particular was revived in the recent meetings in the College, etc. (Since our visit five-year-old Moneera was scalded; the greatest wisdom and cleanliness were observed in the care of the child).

Shall we accept Sitt Baheya's invitation to spend the week-end in her home? She is the bosom friend of Mr. Matta's wife. She and her husband love children, too, but have accepted their childless condition most gracefully, and are giving their lives for the training of the children (older and younger) in their church and village. Yes, isn't this a nice, clean sitting-room? And the dishes at the table—how they shine! Cleanliness comes next to Godliness in this home! That bevy of girls coming up the stairs is the highest class from the day schools under the care of the church. This is a regular Friday afternoon pilgrimage, and here, with Sitt Baheya as teacher, they learn many useful lessons in housekeeping. That they practice their knowledge is apparent to us as we visit in their homes on Saturday afternoon, where we are everywhere reminded of the great good that can come to a community through one well-trained woman. Our joy is equally great in church on the Sabbath, as we see how neat and orderly the women and children are. If a child is "fussy," the slightest signal from the pastor's wife is effective. She had learned in Boarding School, and in the closer touch she there had with the Mission families, that God's house shall be a "House of Praise" and order. You will be interested in the Christian Endeavor Society. The pastor's wife, by far the most capable member of the society, holds no office, for she feels it her part to train other workers. So the girls elect their own officers, and conduct the meetings. The evangelistic committee, under her inspiring leadership, is carrying the Gospel into many homes in the village.

Back to the railroad and on a few stations, we find two boarding school girls—the government doctor's wife and the pastor's wife— both homes centers of blessing. The pastor's wife manages the little girls' school, and takes some classes daily. Like Mrs. Hogg, she often teaches with a baby on her knee. One of her children died recently, and her example of submission and fortitude was beautiful to see as she committed her little one to God.

We started out to visit homes, but we just must accept the invitation to attend the Thank-Offering meeting in Mair—their first Thank-Offering meeting. Zakeya, a recent boarding school graduate, the pastor's "right hand" in all the work among the women and children, has on her own initiative arranged the program and trained the performers. Could you or I conduct a meeting with greater composure, or greater success?

Shall we just stop off between trains and have an hour with Angelina, a recent graduate? Her home is not so spotless as she has been taught to keep it, but we all have "gifts differing," and Angelina has the gift of creating and maintaining a home atmosphere. When asked what part of her recent school training is most helpful to her now, she answered, "The training I had in how to deal with children." Her younger brothers and sisters bear testimony to the same.

And now for a visit to one of "Miss Kyle's girls." Although we were unannounced, she shows us all over her house, her husband proudly following the procession. When we remark about the order everywhere, and especially in the pantry, where there is a place for everything and everything is in its place, her reply is, "I try to do everything as we were taught in school."

It was one of Sitt Jessie's (Miss Jessie Hogg) girls who said, "It would be much easier to have the maid put away my children's clothes, but I require each child to keep her own bureau drawer in order. I don't approve of having the servants serve them in the things that they should learn to do for themselves." This same mother, with many others, remembers most vividly her early Christian training, and her children have thus inherited rich treasure.

Saddega, having added to her boarding school experiences some weeks in one of our Mission homes found her first months of married life rather trying, "For," she said, "he is not like an American husband. They always put the lady first and don't expect her to be their servant. My husband"—she was not gossipping, only talking freely to her school-mother—"even expects me to put away all his clothes." Had her ideals slipped a bit past the mark? Perhaps the "American husband's" wife could tell!

Oh! dear, the time is flying so fast, and there are a lot of homes we wanted you to visit: Shall we just look in on a few in imagination as we flit from village to village, and from home to home? We stop at the threshold of Sitt Alice's home just as they finish the evening meal, and hear Sitt Alice say to her son, "Go bring the book to your father, and we will have prayers before we scatter."

Or peep into this home, where they have gathered for morning prayers—the father and mother, sons and daughters. Did the Psalms ever sound sweeter than they do as they rise from that family altar?

It is twilight, and Sitt Zaheya is having a quiet talk with her eldest boy. Did you ever see a more trustful, more confiding face than his, as he asks her questions, and she answers fully and freely and wisely? Oh, she is a mother—a beautiful Christian mother.

Come to this home where we hear the voice of singing. The eldest daughter is at the piano, the children gathered round her, calling for one favorite song after another in which the mother joins while the father listens appreciatively. Here is a brother helping his younger sister with her lessons; there a mother and daughter are sewing; a devoted wife nursing her husband; a young husband spending a happy evening at home, who formerly spent every evening in the cafe; a complete family circle at table; an evangelist's wife conducting the women's prayer meeting, as well as giving practical lessons in the care of baby.

We find real family life in many dwellings—that *something* which changes a *house* into a *home*, that brings rich treasure to a people whose language has no word for *home*.

Do you tire a bit of the refrain, "As we did it at school?" To us it is *sweet* music. A family has meals at regular hours, "as we had in the boarding school." Zahia's children have a simple early supper, "as we learned in school." Ameena sends to her alma mater for recipes for wholesome food that require little fat, "such as my sister learned in school last year." Saddega brings a comfort, with its fresh clean removable cover, for your bed, saying, "You see I have done our comforts as we were taught to do them at school." Alice writes asking for copies of "Your Child Today and Tomorrow," and Holt's "The Care and Feeding of Children."

Did we refer to the Mission's five Boarding Schools? Are not these homes that we have visited miniature boarding schools? Some of the next generation will use a new, a sweeter refrain—"as my mother taught me." There are few who can use it today, but we are working to increase their number.

Thank you so much, dear friends, for your visit. You won't forget your Egyptian daughters, will you, those whom you have helped to train? Nor will you forget those sights we saw in those hundreds and thousands of dwellings, and even whole villages that we passed, where they have never yet had a ray of light, and the hungry appealing faces of those who know nothing of *Christ* and of *home*.

WITH A MOSLEM WOMAN ON A DAY'S VISIT TO THE TOMB OF HER DEPARTED FRIEND.

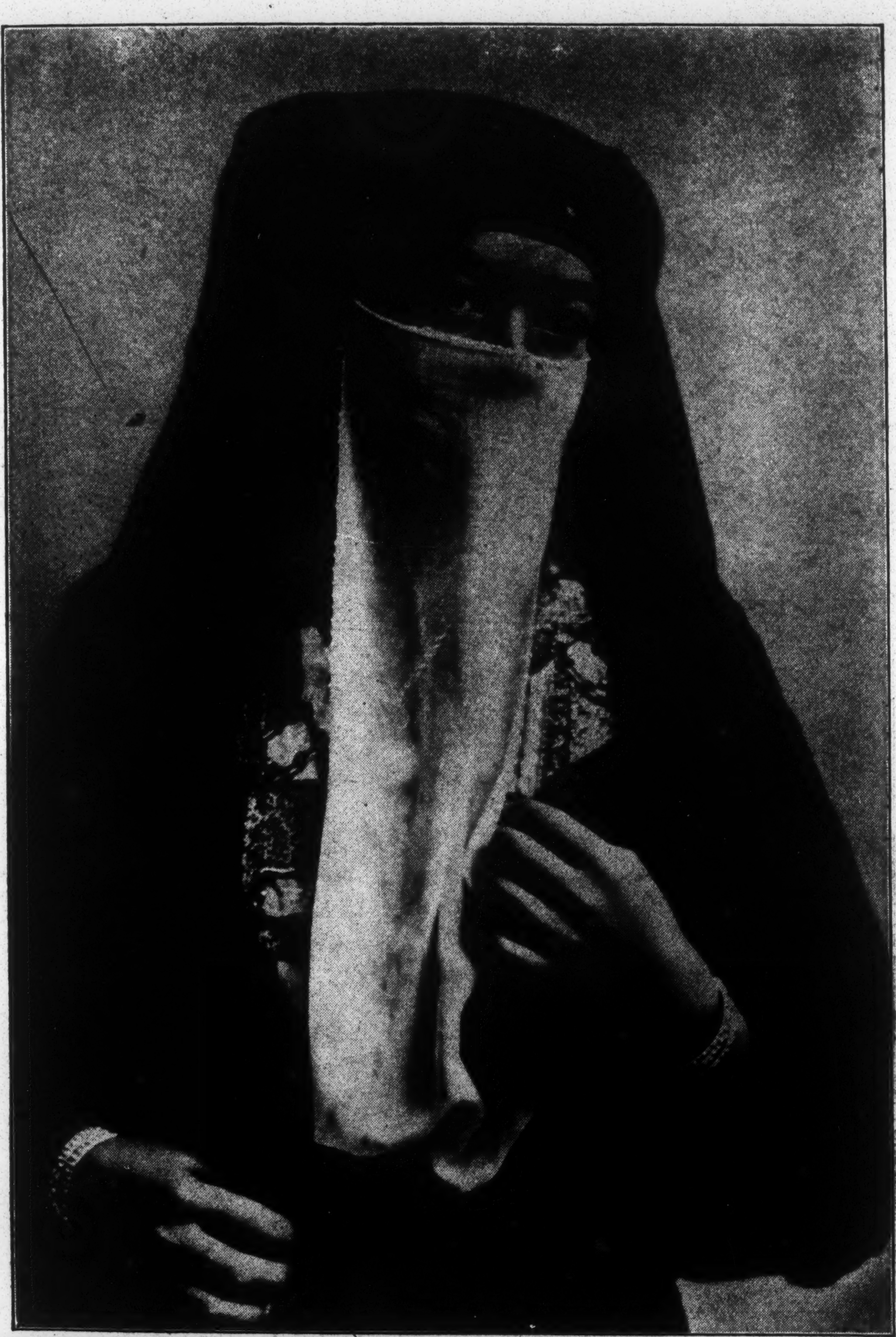
By Margaret A. Smith, Fowler Orphanage, Cairo.

THE MOSLEM woman was Sitt Zanib, and the departed friend was a poor old woman cast out into the street to die. The Lord had better things in store for her so He sent one of His servants to care for her. A room was rented in Sitt Zanib's house and a poor Christian woman brought to care for her.

She took off the filthy rags from her poor diseased body and cut off her hair; both clothes and hair were then burnt. She was washed and made as comfortable as possible.

The girls of the Haret es Saqqaqini School brought clothes for her and made her as comfortable as possible. Her mind seemed almost gone but she learned to say, (Anz ahib el Mesih) "I love Christ," and on that slender confession we build our hope of seeing her with Him. "Whosoever cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

She lived for some time, but one sunny Sabbath morning a messenger came to me while I was at church and whispered, "Khulty Gohera is dying." Sitt Zanib was grieved that she didn't know in time to have a Moslem priest come and go through the ceremony of "sending off her spirit." She asked if she could have the body and it was given her.



A MOSLEM YOUNG WOMAN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.

BEDOUIN GIRLS.

Representative of 300,000 women and girls living within the borders of Egypt. A people full of splendid possibilities but absolutely neglected as far as mission work is concerned.

The street in front of the house was gaily decorated with red flags, and musicians were brought to follow the procession to the tomb. Sitt Zanib tried to show all reverence for the dead woman as she did not want to be outdone by a Christian. That night a priest chanted the Koran in a loud voice.

I had expressed to Sitt Zanib my desire to see the grave at the time when Moslems visit their dead. Sitt Zanib kindly took me in a carriage to the outskirts of the city to the cemetery which is just on the edge of the desert.

There were many people there who had brought with them food for the dead and for themselves for they would stay several days. Some of the tombs, belonging to the rich, had comfortable rooms built over the graves where they ate and slept with their dead. Khulty Gohera's grave was a plain mud structure, with upright pieces at each end of the grave where the spirit came and rested to see what the friends would bring for it.

Two men, fikis or priests, came and chanted some prayers from the Koran and were paid in money and food. There was food placed on the grave and we ate beside it. Soon the news spread that there was a Christian in the cemetery and the men came to put the unclean creature out. Sitt Zanib fought valiantly with her tongue and they were obliged to leave us. There we sat in the moonlight until a late hour when we left the cemetery and went home.

CAIRO'S "KISSING DOOR"

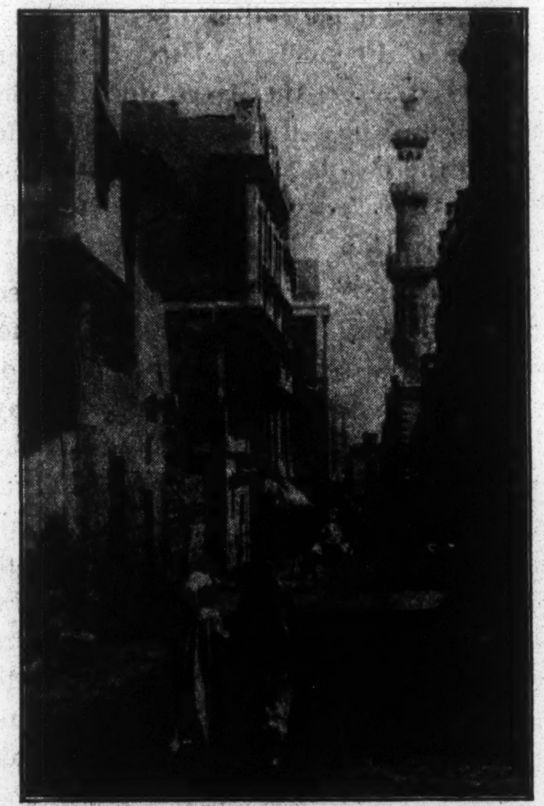
BAB EL ZUWEYLAH.

By Pauline Alexandria, Cairo.

A BLUE-GOWNED Mohammedan knelt to kiss the huge, iron-bound door in the Zuweyleh Gate in the centre of a busy, native quarter of Cairo. A nimble footed donkey, laden with panniers of oranges, stepped over his scarlet slippered feet. Beside him, a seller of red candy figurines loudly chanted the attractions of his wares. In an old closed doorway, a merchant had set out his array of multi-colored glass bracelets, and two women, shrouded from head to foot in black, with a heavy piece of brass laid over their noses to hold in place their white face veils, bargained with him shrilly, with much calling upon "Allah" and the "Prophet." Dirty children scampered across the street, dodging the cart-horses whose drivers shouted warnings to the people swarming all over the street utterly regardless of all rules of traffic direction.

But to the kneeling man, the crooked street's turmoil was a matter of course, and having kissed the iron gate at a spot worn smooth with the pressure of many lips, he tied a wisp of rag to one of the rusty nails studding the plates of iron. As far up as men could reach, each nail carried its pathetic, though distasteful, little burden—dirty rags of all colors, teeth, bunches of hair, withered flowers—placed here by sick persons hoping to be cured of their diseases. For behind the door, tradition has it, is the headquarters of the highly revered, Mohammedan saint Kutb el Mitwelli. He has marvelous powers, this saint, flying unseen from the top of the Kaaba in Mecca to the Cairo gate, where sufferers invoke his aid, and the devout tell their beads as they pass.

The saint's connection with the gate belongs only to modern times. In earlier days the gate was one of the three great entrances to the city of the Fatimite caliphs, and marked its Southwest boundary. Nowadays the wide iron plated doors of the gate stand perpetually open, and the traffic of the busy bazaar section on all sides of it, surges in and out with never a thought of the times when no man entered without a permit, and even high officials had to dismount, and walk under the archway on foot. For some reason it was the place of execution in the days when a ruler held men's lives in his hand, but no memory of the many prisoners strangled just outside, ever troubles the modern Cairene.



A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN THE MUSKI.

He neither knows nor cares that once a common decoration to the gate was a row of heads impaled upon its battlements. Nor do the men sitting cross legged stitching at the tapestries tourists have made popular, ever dream that instead of their cramped, cell-like shops that now border the narrow, half-roofed over street, a row of gallows once outlined the way clear to the Citadel, to gratify a vindictive caliph's vengeance on his enemies.

But the gate has less sinister memories. Through it came in triumphal procession, the first Fatimite caliph, el Moez. Before him were carried the coffins of his ancestors, and riding with him were his four sons in armor, two splendidly panoplied elephants in their train. Behind, came the victorious troops that held Egypt for the new Caliph. His general, Johar, had laid out a new city for his master, and in 973, the caliph took up his abode in Cairo in the midst of a magnificence and luxury that surpassed anything known before.

Can your imagination picture for you the beauties and extravagances of the oriental splendor in which the caliphs lived? A palace of four thousand rooms, among them the suggestively named "Emerald" and "Golden" halls; a great throne room where a throne of gold was approached by silver steps, and screened from the courtiers by a golden lattice and curtains embroidered with gold and pearls; priceless tapestries, brocades, and cloth of gold; costly furniture sparkling with precious stones; the soft murmur of fountains in cool, marble apartments—they all belong to the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" instead of real life. The two Crusaders who came in 1167 on an embassy from the Christian king of Jerusalem, were dumbfounded at the taste, beauty, and wealth, they had never seen equalled in Europe.

There were curious things in the treasury: a peacock of gold with eyes of rubies and feathers of enamel, an antelope spotted with pearls, a turban whose jewels weighed seventeen pounds, a tent of gold thread resting on silver poles. Dishes of inlaid gold, cups of amber, and vases of crystal and gold were a matter of course, in an establishment where the jewel rooms of one princess contained among other things, five sacks of emeralds, three thousand silver vessels, and thirty thousand Sicilian embroideries, and forty pounds of wax were required to seal up her property for her executors. A silver barge waited to take the caliph down the canal to the river—but he had thirty-seven other barges at his disposal as well.

Across a square stood the Western or Harem Palace, connected with the other by a subterranean passage through which the caliph could cross on a white mule led by slave girls, 30,000 persons lived in these two palaces, 12,000 being servants. The new city was really only a royal compound, a fortified enclosure shutting in by high walls the residence of the caliph and his court with their slaves and troops. Outside the Bab el Zuweylah lay the older parts of Cairo with an interesting history of their own, dating from the time of the first Arab conqueror, Amr. The Fatimites were the first caliphs to live in Egypt, which had always been ruled by governors for the caliphs of Damascus and Bagdad. The Fatimites were of a different sect from the former rulers, and the person of the caliph was sacred, so he dwelt in stately seclusion in his own suburb, removed from the rest of the town and reached only through the strong gates in the city wall.

Twice the wall was rebuilt after el Moez's general made it, each time enlarging somewhat the area it enclosed. At the Bab el Zuweylah, newer buildings hide most of what is left of the old wall, but it still stands high and broad between the Gates of Conquest and of Victory, on the Northeast boundary of the Fatimite city. It is not such a wall as one expects to see in Egypt, belonging neither to the familiar architecture of Ancient Egypt as seen in pyramids and temples, nor to the present day white washed, brick buildings. It is an immensely strong, wide rampart—built of stone filched from Memphis and the lesser pyramids across the river. Its winding staircase in the depths of the wall, its battlements and watch towers, its interior passages lighted by narrow slits and archers' loopholes, all suggest brave knights in clashing armor instead of Egyptians in flowing robes.

And the wall does belong to mediaeval Europe rather than to the Orient. The Arabs adopted the Crusaders' style of fortifications in Syria, and the caliphs' generals made strong the city of their masters in the days when men fought with spears and bows and used stone slings for cannon, by building a high

AT THE KISSING DOOR.
The Door Itself is in the Deep Shadow.

wall like the battlemented parapet of a mediaeval castle, and guarding the great gates by wide flanking towers.

A legend says that Cairo got its name in connection with an incident in the building of the city wall. The boundary of the new city was marked out with poles and the digging of the foundation ditch of the encircling wall was to begin when the astrologers gave the signal that the most favorable moment had arrived for the ceremony. Bells were hung on ropes from pole to pole, and their ringing was to announce the time when all along the line the digging should commence. But a crow perched on the rope and at the tinkling of the bells, the workmen struck their tools into the earth in an unlucky moment—unlucky because the planet Mars (el Kahir) was in the ascendant. This was considered an evil omen, but to avert Mars' bad influence, the town was named el Kahira, the martial or triumphant, after the hostile planet. By corruption through Cahere and Caire, the name has come to be in English, Cairo, and is applied to the whole city as well as to the original suburb of the Arabic capital.

In spite of the attempt to circumvent the evil influence of Mars by naming the city after it, fate seems to have carried out the disasters the astrologers feared. Not a stone of the magnificent palaces can be found today. Revolting Turkish soldiers sacked the palaces of their priceless treasures in the days of a feeble caliph. The library of 100,000 volumes was destroyed, the leather bindings being used to make slippers and the books thrown into the fire. And though afterwards a new and larger library was collected, and once more the treasure rooms were filled, the final overthrow of the Fatimite caliphate by Saladin made an end to the glory of el Kahira. The new rulers lived in the Citadel, and the residences of the heretic caliphs were left to neglect and decay. At last the deserted ruins were cleared away to make way for the khans and shops that crowd the well known streets of what is now called the Muski, where rich colored rugs, gleaming brass, scarlet leather slippers, oriental jewelry, and aromatic spices and perfumes are a few of the hundred and one attractions of Cairo's famous bazaar section.

A few mosques almost entirely rebuilt, and some street names indicating their earlier connections are about all that remain of the original city. But still on the Northeast, two great gates with a portion of the city wall between them, bear witness to the times when they stood guard over the glories of the Fatimite caliphs. And to the South, across the network of narrow, dirty streets crowding the space between, stands the Bab el Zuweylah, commonly called after the Mohammedan saint behind the door, Bab el Mitwelli, so thoroughly has its former importance been forgotten in its present as "The Kissing Door."

A VISIT TO AN EGYPTIAN FARM.

By Rev. J. W. Baird, Mansourah.

AS IN America, so in Egypt, only to a greater degree, when you visit the farm you see the life and wealth of the nation at its source. Egypt has always been a land of farmers. The wealth and fertility of her alluvial soil has been the wonder of the ages. Her stores of grain saved from starvation the infant Jewish nation when the crops of the Promised Land failed them. The products of the slender valley and scarcely wider Delta still supports the 12,000,000 people of Egypt and gives to the outer world of her store as well. The Egyptian farm therefore is a most interesting and fruitful subject of study and especially in these days when scientific agriculture is taking its rightful place in public opinion.

The word "farm" as applied to Egypt may have as varied a meaning as the word at home. It may mean a garden farm of one acre to a plantation of hundreds of acres. It is to the latter class or one of them that we propose to introduce our readers, since on such we may find the widest scope for what must be a rather superficial survey of Egyptian farm life.

I. The Farm People.

The late Dr. Henry Wallace is responsible for the significant statement, that the most important crop on the farm is the farm young people. Upon entering the Egyptian plantation the human element will inevitably be the thing that first strikes the visitor who has a Christian love for his kind.

Egypt has long been the meeting place of extremes of East and West and old and new. The farm is no exception. The landowner with whom you shake hands is perhaps the product of European training. The foreman is not unlikely the output of some Mission or Government school. Both will be awake, intelligent, cordial. Over in the field yonder the man whom you see driving a pair of awkward looking oxen drawing a still more awkward looking plow is the limit for blissful ignorance of books or schools. The foreman if he is a very valuable man perhaps gets $100 per month, the powman gets fifteen cents per day. Both are doubtless saving money. A half hour ago the farmer arrived from the city four miles distant in an American auto of recent model. Just as he arrived he met the wife of that plowman walking. On her head she carries a heavy burden of sun-dried offal. In her arms if you noticed carefully was a babe a few weeks, possibly only a few days old. By her side runs another not yet big enough to be useful in the fields. She is on her way to sell her load to her still less fortunate city sister for fuel. She will realize ten or fifteen cents on her trip.

In the office you will meet from one to a half dozen clerks. They constitute the office force and take care of the yards of clerical red tape that abounds in every thing Egyptian. They are all dressed in "Frangy," that is in European "hand-me-down" suits. Under these garments, which to the Egyptian is the sure sign of civilization, is perhaps in most of the cases before you worn underwear not unlike with which the ancient Rameses II was familiar.

At the gate of the wall enclosing the office building the sleepy door keeper rises to his feet. If you are arriving for the first time you hand him your card. He calls another who carries it for him to the office. At the door of the office you are met by a third who ushers you into the reception room. In a few minutes appears the fourth bearing you coffee in cups, the contents of each of which would fill about three inverted thimbles. If its your first experience they are too large. If you are acclimated they are about right size. As to the intelligence of these different people who have ministered to your real or imaginary needs they are near neighbors to the "plowman"—ignorant, unaspiring, dreamily satisfied.

The homes of these hundreds of humble workers on this large plantation are located in a single village just back of the office building enclosure. There as we walk out and around to them we find the mud brick huts huddled together in truly oriental disorder. The narrow alleys or passage ways between the rows of huts are not laid out according to the points of any compass. It has begun to get warm and as you pause at the end of one of these passage ways, in the bright sunlight that here and there enters in spite of the uncleanliness, you see cosmopolitan swarms of flies, children and chickens, with here and there a stray donkey or sheep, with the possibility of even a despised runty porker, which grunts and squeals and runs away, apparently conscious that he is out of tune with the East and a blot on the landscape in the presence of strangers. We shall enter the alley far enough to see inside of one of the homes.

The door is open but you would have to stoop almost double to enter the humble abode. The dirt floor is a foot or more below the level of the threshold. With his hands on the threshold looking wonderingly up at you, just old enough to toddle that far, is a small child. His face seems to be a public and favorite feeding place for the flies in his vicinity. His dirty little garment is raised up and tucked in at the back so that he is bare to the waist. If he survives for another year of two he may reach manhood. If he doesn't, never mind, his place will be taken by his brother yonder who cries in his mother's lap, while she sits on the floor and yells at the servant girl, the daughter of a poorer neighbor. The operation of the law of the survivial of the fittest is seldom interfered with in the farm villages. The mother is surrounded by two or three neighbor women. Some would say their faces wore hopeless expressions. To me it is rather an expression of content, content because of ignorance of anything better than they have and inability to appreciate it if they had it. If you could understand their conversation you would blush. Their standards are lower than yours.

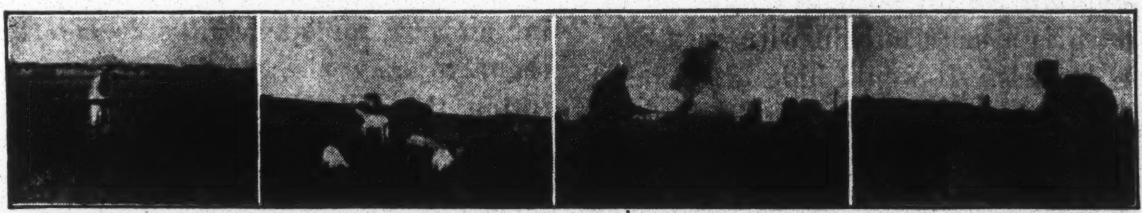
A VISIT TO AN EGYPTIAN FARM.

These pictures show: The land-owner, the laborer at noon meal, the camel loaded with ripe grain, the sower, and the man who ploughs the field.

II. The Irrigation System.

As you step out toward the farm land itself the first thing that strikes your attention is the irrigation system that is everywhere in evidence from the large canals to the peculiarly ridged rows in which the cotton is planted and the ridged blocks into which the sowed fields art divided. To one whose original knowledge of farming processes were gained in the Mississippi Valley where Mother Nature waters the crops in their season, the irrigation system is truly wonderful and interesting. But it is likewise intricate and a bit hard to understand in the details of its working. After almost five years of casual observation I have come to the conclusion that the ignorant plowman knows more about this than I do though I am sure he would not take so much time to tell about it. It is almost second nature to him and he scarcely knows that he knows but gets results.

I can give only the fundamental principles of the system. If I finally fail as a missionary I may revert to an Egyptian farm and learn the practical applications. The system is based upon a number of storage dams across the Nile. The first, largest and best known of these is the great Assuan Dam. It is succeeded by others at different distances apart down the river. These dams both store the water for future use and raises its level so that it can be sent out in to the canals that cover the country. From the leading canals run smaller ones parallel and at right angles until you get down to the little furrows along the ridges of which grows the cotton. The entrance to all of these canals is closed by gates which may be closed to restrain the water until it is needed. When a field has once bee nsufficiently watered the water is drained off in to the drain canal system which is still more intricate and which I shall not attempt to explain at this time.



1. Breaking up the fallow ground. 2. Some farm animals. 3. Separating wheat from the chaff on the threshing floor. 4. Going out to plow.

III. Farm Machinery.

Here again we find the extremes. On the same farm, sometimes in the same field, you will see the "Abrahamic" plow drawn, mayhap, by a camel and an ox unequally yoked together, and a modern plow propelled by an engine. American farm tractors will be here as soon as the war freight rates get back to normal. Threshing is done both on the ancient threshing floor, the grain trodden out by an oxen drawn arrangement that faintly resembles an American farm disc, and also by a steam threshing rig. I have never seen a machine for sowing the seed. As in the parable, a man casts the seed into the ground. Cultivators are rare indeed. Cultivating is done by the man with the hoe. His instrument looks much like an overgrown adz. I have seen hay mowers rusted and useless but never in operation. They seem to have gone the way of the man who tried to hurry the East. I have yet to see a binder. Grass and grain are cut by a small hand sickle which the mower operates in an almost sitting posture.

IV. Farm Animals.

The distinctive animals of the farm are the donkey, camel, water buffalo, sheep, goat, and a sort of mongrel breed of cattle that favors the Jersey. Horses are rather rare on the farm though plentifully used for carriages and carts in the cities. The farmer has not yet fully learned the value of stock raising. He seeks for quick cash returning crops. He is improving, however, along with the development of agricultural schools. The water buffalo is the staple milk and butter producer. Imported cows are not a safe investment as they sometimes succumb to the hot climate. Many of the imported animals are tubercular.

There is much room for improving the breeds of stock especially poultry and cattle but the farmer takes little interest in this as yet.

V. The Farm Crops.

The great fall season crop in the Delta is corn. The American corn belt farmer would look at the Egyptian corn field in disgust. It is sown broadcast as wheat and of course is never cultivated. The results are surprising, considering the labor spent upon it. A ten-acre field of it ready to harvest would, I am sure, rejoice the heart of a dairy farmer with a silo. The Egyptian farmer knows nothing and cares less about a silo. He really has little need for one with open seasons for growth the year round. The Egyptian ear of corn as might be expected is a mere nubbin with very shallow kernels. It would hide in shame at an American corn show. The fodder, however, is abundant and rich.

The winter season crops are small grains, especially wheat; and berseem, or what is known in America as Alexandrian clover. In appearance it is between white clover and alfalfa.

Since the war wheat has been sown in large quantities. The fields are beautiful to see when they are green and still more beautiful as they ripen to the harvest. The noticeable thing about the Egyptian wheat is the stability of the straw. In America the reaper enters the wheat often before it is by any means thoroughly ripe, lest the straw may krinkle under the weight of the grain or under a windy rain storm that may come, and thus complicate the harvest process. But in Egypt the wheat stands for days and weeks after you would pronounce it dead ripe. They do not begin to cut it until the kernel is quite dry and hard enough to be ground. One would think that much would thresh out and be lost in the harvest but such is not the case, and seldom does the straw break under its heavy load. Much of the cutting is done at night while the dew is on. This helps to prevent shelling and also avoids the hot harvest time sun.

Berseem is the richest looking crop I have even seen growing. It is sown usually in November. After six or eight weeks it is ready for the first cutting. After that if conditions are favorable as to heat and water, there will be a monthly cutting. May is the last month for berseem and usually the field is broken up much earlier for the cotton planting. This year the farmer has been able to sell his berseem at as high a price as $20.00 per acre. Multiply that by three to five times and it is not a bad return for an acre for six months considering the acre may also produce a crop of cotton the following six months. But land that is worth from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars per acre must bring in good returns to pay interest and taxes.

The great summer crop and the apple of the Egyptian farmer's eye is the cotton. Our fifteen hundred-acre plantation has five hundred acres in cotton. If the Government would permit there would be a still larger acreage, but the cotton is hard on the land, and the Government steps in to defend the land against its too avaricious owner. It says, "Not more than one-third of your farm in cotton, Sir." And the farmer being an Egyptian, answers, politely, "As you wish."

In cotton raising the American cotton planter can now take his place at the feet of the Egyptian. Though the amount of Egypt's crop of cotton is rather inconsiderable in the market of the world, yet its quality is the best in the world. Its shade is the whitest and its fiber is the longest and it is indispensable in the manufacture of the finest cotton fabrics. Much of this is due to the rainless skies under which it grows but not all. The bale of fine quality, top market, Egyptian cotton that is delivered at the wharf of Liverpool has been produced by a combination of the best brain of the Egyptian planter, the scientific minds of the trained English agriculturist, and the irrigation engineer, the energy of the Greek trader, the enterprise of the French merchant, together with the inherited wisdom of the plodding plowman. In other words concentration has done it.

We look forward to the time when this sort of concentration will be directed to that most important crop of the farm, the farm children. Then will be the dawn of a brighter day for the land of Egypt.

MEDICAL WORK IN EGYPT.

By Mrs. L. M. Henry, Assiut.

OVER twenty-five years ago the missionaries in the Assiut Station, after living without aid for three years, except the services of a very inefficient Greek physician, sent a request to the Foreign Board to select a man, giving him instructions to look after the health of the missionaries in the Assiut Station, and saying that as soon as his income permitted the Board "would be very glad for him to support himself."

Upon the arrival on the field, medical work was opened up in the heart town. Three bare rooms used for the clinic; the other rooms of the house were used by the patients from villages, their friends taking care of them, the patients lying on beds made of palm reeds, covered with straw mats and not overly clean coverings brought from their houses. A good number of major operations were performed in these most unsanitary surroundings, with the hostler as anesthetist, and made good recoveries. I have heard the physician say many times that it would take a man with a shot gun to keep the patients in any sort of decently clean condition.

Three years of work under these conditions, and there was great need for larger quarters. Upon request, the Board sent out $300.00 and a trained nurse, "as an experiment;" this was the first and last grant ever made by the Board for the medical work. A large house was rented, cleaned, repaired and furnished, largely at medical expense. Of the first hospital I could write of many interesting experiences, from making a first class ward out of the donkey stable, of the terrible fight with the B. B.'s to the time the first autopsy was made in secret, which, if it had been known, would have brought a mob around us.

Four years in this poorly equipped house as a hospital, and we felt we must enlarge our borders. The next move was made into the present building, which was erected by prayers, tears and heartaches. Upon entering this building, we opened with eighty beds; the number of beds was doubled. The first year in this building the number of patients was 671; the number last year was over 24,000, and reached higher the last few years before the war. From one physician, the work now requires the services of four, other parts of the work increasing accordingly. The number of free patients received and treated in the hospital every year is over 1000, those at half rates up in the hundreds. Up to a few years ago the Assiut Hospital was unique in having the largest number of female patients of any hospital in Egypt, and I fancy this statement holds true to

TANTA HOSPITAL COMPOUND.

Doctor and Mrs. Frank McClanahan, Mrs. and Mrs. Caldwell and Janet.

this date. This hospital is also the only Christian hospital south of Cairo, how far south into Africa I cannot say.

Last year's report shows 17,228 Moslems passed through this hospital and clinic. Over 17,000 Moslems being touched by Christian influences in one institution in one year.

It would be difficult for those familiar with the general appearance of hospitals in the home-land to realize the condition of medical work in Egypt. Visitors receive somewhat of a shock when they walk, for the first time, around the wards. Instead of beds when they are in perfect alignment, with snowy sheets, and patients lying placidly in spotless garments, all under the care of trained nurses who flit hither and thither, attending deftly to the wants of the sufferers, they find themselves in bare, gaunt, barrack-like rooms; the patients will, except in rare instances, be found sitting huddled up in their beds, or elsewhere in the ward, often with an entire blanket wrapped around the head. On visiting days, which must be at least three times a week, the beds and every bit of space on the floor is crowded with the friends who bring in and leave behind that which takes so much time to kill, and who smuggle in all sorts of eatables to the patients. I have known the friends to smuggle in a cooked chicken tied to the calf of the leg; the visitors are always searched when entering, yet are very clever in smuggling in these eatables. In spite of absence of dainty ward furniture, however, it must be remembered that even the moderate standard of comfort and cleanliness achieved is far in advance of the ordinary conditions of the life of the people, and the constant care has required a struggle for its maintenance; cleanliness, simplicity and economy are the keynotes of the hospital administration. We endeavor to supply clean bedding, clean garments, good food and kind treatment to all our patients; but when one hundred and fifty or more have to be supplied, and the washermen leave half of the daily

AMERICAN MISSION HOSPITAL,
ASSIUT, EGYPT.

THREE NURSES IN ASSIUT HOSPITAL.
Misses Teas, Corkey and Chalk.

laundry unwashed, or something goes wrong with the kitchen range and all the food must be cooked on three little oil stoves, the problem of making ends meet is beyond some of our minds. But we are thankful if, year after year, we make some progress toward the more excellent way.

What a day's work involves one may conceive some idea gathered from the fact that 33, 663 patients passed from the physicians' hands last year, counting those in the hospital, clinic and house visits. The burden of suffering and misery, not a little of it beyond human aid, weighs upon one with increasing emphasis as one sits year in and year out in the consulting room, and sees the stream of humanity flowing past. Also the burden of the financing of this institution is a constant strain. On the walls of the wards hang a few tablets, representing endowment funds from a few friends of the hospital. $1,000 will place one of these tablets on our interest or will keep one of Egypt's sick ones with medicine, clothing and a physician's care for one year. I believe it is the cry from all hospitals in the foreign fields that none are sufficiently equipped and staffed. Always too much to do, too little to do with, and too few to do the work as it should be done. Medical missionary work is going to suffer seriously in its pressing, unless it can do the best work, for it will have to meet competition from government hospitals and modern trained private practitioners. In other words, unless the standard can be improved, this part of missionary work, which has been one of the most fruitful in its influences, will steadily decrease in power.

All this endless stream of suffering humanity flowing in and out of the hospital doors, day in and day out, have the words of eternal life given them. Our chaplain and two Bible readers for the clinics and wards, give daily Bible readings, explaining the Scripture, teaching the patients to pray, and to sing the Psalms, also holding Sabbath services and daily prayers with the helpers—these services are carried on daily inside and outside the hospital by these faithful and zealous Bible workers, besides a number of volunteer workers who come in frequently with messages and flowers. Not only do we come in touch with this large number of sick people, but with even a larger number of the friends who come with them, thus doing the work for which medical missions were established, a successful means to a successful end, daily pointing these thousands to Him Who came to heal the body as well as the soul, and using the ministry on the body that they my reach the soul. How often medical work has removed hostilities! I have in mind one case, especially, that of a large prominent family of very proud people, who have never been friendly in any way to the mission except the medical, the head of the house, almost an unbeliever, has for many years been a great sufferer; during the visits of the physician, he has many quiet and confidential talks with the patient, to which he listens, and has asked the prayers of the physician.

In Egypt we have three medical centers opened, two hospitals and the boat work. I cannot speak of the other centers, as I do not know them, but all medical work everywhere is much the same, all aim at efficiency and the chief difficulty is lack of time. In these there are three physicians to man the work, and one assistant. How can a man see a great number of patients in a hospital, make from ten to twenty house visits, see a large number of clinic patients, and often be called to a village, all in one day? Anyone with the least professional training will know it is impossible to see the number of patients, and to do it efficiently.

The chief difficulty that now faces the medical work in Egypt is the inadequacy of staff. Instead of three physicians we need double that number, and assistants. With the advance made in medical science, which necessitates laboratory methods for the proper investigation of disease, each hospital should have a laboratory man, which adds twenty-five per cent. more in efficiency. In mission fields where intestinal parasites are so important as disease producers, laboratory work is indispensable.

Are there no physicians in America willing to come to Egypt? Will not some one give up the home-land for this needy work? All the medical reports give the same cry—we have only one man where we need two. A medical missionary who, the first day on the field, walked through the old town and saw filth and wretchedness of the people felt a great wave of disgust pass over him, and he exclaimed, "How can I ever spend my life here!" Only a short time and he learned to love the people, for he realized that when the Savior stepped down from His throne, He took a very, very much longer step than he had taken to get down to serve these people.

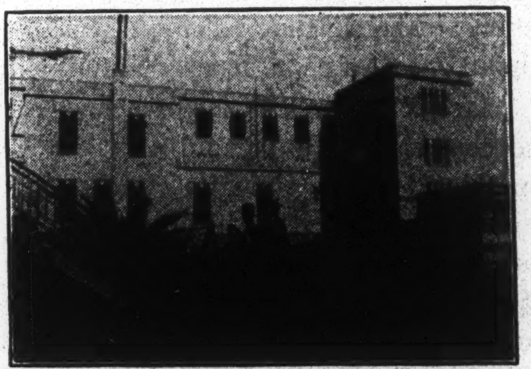
A TRIP WITH A MISSION DOCTOR.

By Helen McClanahan, Tanta Hospital.

A TRIP with a mission doctor generally means a glimpse into the tragic side of life in Egypt. One returns with a sad memory of the results of the every day foes of the missionary, ignorance, superstition and sin, but this trip was of a more pleasant kind.

We were invited to spend a day with the omdeh (mayor) of Shibisheer, one of the mud villages not far from Tanta. This village is not on any railroad, but we could go half way by train and there a carriage met us, in which we were taken to Shibisheer.

The guest house of the omdeh was quite the finest one in the village. After we were greeted there I was taken to the harem in which the wife and children and women servants live. I was quite impressed when I was taken to a room furnished entirely in pink, the walls, hangings, rugs and even the furniture were pink. The effect was more startling when the wife came in dressed in a lavendar dress. We were served with coffee and with syrup flavored with rose water. Our conversation was limited, as I could say only a few things in Arabic, but the little wife was anxious for me to see her small son and all the elaborate rooms of the house, in which she had a naive pride.



THE MISSION DOCTOR STARTING ON HIS DAILY TRIP.

After a short visit one of the men came to say that the omdeh wanted us to see his garden. The women seemed very pleased and interested that I was to see this big garden but when I asked the wife if she would not accompany us she was horrified and said that it would be a great shame for her to walk in the street or the garden. I had noticed before that the windows were so closely screened that no view of the outside world was possible, and I could not help but compare the busy, interesting lives of American women with those of our Moslem sisters living in the seclusion of a harem with no books, work, or outside interests.

After we had seen the garden and admired the flowers and fruit trees we were taken again to the guest house for dinner. In honor of our visit our host had invited several sheikhs of the village to the dinner, and many were the salutations with which they greeted us, among them the usual one for visitors, "You have honored us." Soon we were in the midst of a sumptuous meal, which consisted of more courses than I can tell you. I remember chicken, turkey, roast beef, lamb, and fish each served with a vegetable. There were also three or four kinds of dessert. Finally, when we could not eat any more the omdeh, with a wave of his hand, stopped what seemed to us to be an endless procession of courses.

The meal was just finished when the doctor was called out to see several patients who had heard of his coming.

I want to tell you the connection between this most prominent home in the heart of a Moslem village and our work in Tanta. A few months before the little son of this home had been brought to the clinic in what seemed to be a hope-

TYPE OF PEOPLE THAT RECEIVE MEDICAL CARE AT TANTA HOSPITAL.

less condition. As he lay on the table in the clinic room one could not help but be touched to see the emaciated little frame and to hear him moan, for he was too weak to cry. Miss Holland and the doctor spent many an anxious hour over him. It was a long time before he commenced to improve and several times Miss Holland spent the entire night with him.

At last he began to respond to treatment and care but it was a long time before he was plump and well. During this period his family were very anxious that he be kept in seclusion as much as possible as they feared that the good results might be overcome by some one casting the spell of the "Evil Eye" upon him. He is a beautiful child and the fact that he is a boy made his family doubly grateful for his recovery.

There are scores of villages in Egypt where the women and children have no medical attention. "Non-Christian lands are lands of pain" and when we realize that Christ Himself set the example of ministering to the sick we cannot "pass by on the other side."

A TRIP TO SOME OF THE CAIRENE MOSQUES.

By Henrietta Aten, Cairo.

COME, LET us go out into the rapidly cooling day. Let us mingle with the scarcely pulsing life of the Orient for a time. If we but loiter not, we can visit three of the most interesting mosques of Cairo before the sun has set.

Yes, I expected you to ask what those slender steeples or towers, full of grace and elegance, are. They are the minarets of the Muslim shrines, the vantage points of the "Muezzins," the callers to prayer. A little later you may hear one of them calling out to the people to come to prayer, and if you look carefully, you may see him, a tiny living form, moving slowly about the balcony, near the domed-roof of some nearby minaret.

Here is the first mosque we shall see—so confused with the old city wall. It was built by a "lover of darkness," a caliph of whom it is said, because of the hideous atrocities for which he was responsible, that he lacked a balanced mind. The mosque bears his name, "Hakim." He so loved darkness and night that he even called his councils at night, commanded that night be turned into day by illuminations, that all offices, shops, and places of amusement be opened only at night; so it is little wonder that this passion for darkness reflected itself in the mosque, whose tall minaret rises to an airy height, without a single vent for light or air. For him whose task it was thrice daily to climb the spiral stairway to call to prayer the followers of Mohammed, the Prophet, it perhaps made little difference, as the muezzins are usually chosen from among the blind. But as we make the steep ascent, carrying our candles to light our way, we rebel against the fanaticism of such a tyrant.

At last light breaks ahead. 'Tis the uppermost balcony. What a wonderful view before us! Our resentment over the handicaps of the ascent vanishes as we stand rapt in the wonder of the scene, commonplace to the Oriental observer, but full of wonder for us. At our feet and stretching out for more than a mile toward the desert, is the "City of the Dead," a real city as to extent and apparent number of dwellings, but striking an odd chord in our beings as we observe the thousands of monumental slabs, and realize that these buildings are not dwellings, but only shelters from the sun, for those who wend their way here, periodically, to mourn, and whose mournful wails can even now be heard.

As our eyes rest again on the old city gate, once effective as a barrier, now sharing the same fate as the mosque-court lying below in its melancholy ruins, surrounded by decayed and decaying walls, our thoughts turn to history, and as we pause thus meditating, we recall that this same court has in turn served as a rope-walk, a drying ground, and a play-ground, entered by passing through a cafe, a brewery, or through a bead factory.

Previous to the great earthquake of 1303, which shattered its very foundations, this mosque was used as a church by the Crusaders. The next few hundred years saw it in turn, in ruins from fire, and from neglect, and in repair. Once, it is said, it was used for stables.

The low grey stone building, lying under the arcades at the east end, is a museum. Some of the noble Kufic (ancient Arabic) inscriptions on the arcades above, are still extant in something like their ancient grandeur, and surely are in fit keeping with the works of Saracenic Art below.

Since our carriage cannot enter these narrow streets, we shall walk a short distance. A group of street waifs follow us. Just stop a moment and see how they scamper away; by nature they are timid and fearful. Even those who were quarreling a moment ago, now forget their differences, to run after us calling out for "baksheesh." Our hearts go out to these little love-starved ragamuffins, but we know from sad experience that we must not start giving gifts to them, if we wish any peace for the rest of the trip.

These other little fellows, who have been so solicitous in showing us the way, are probably school children, and are equally glad to display their meager knowledge of English, and to use it in expectation of some slight reward. Never mind, for the guide, standing yonder at the door with the tickets, will send them scattering in all directions, in a few minutes.

The mosque, "Ibn Tulun," which we are now entering, is the oldest one in the city. It was built in the ninth century, and, unlike any of the other mosques which were built of materials taken from temples and churches, was constructed entirely of new materials. This mosque was erected by a Christian architect, released from prison for the work, and who was rewarded generously for his labors, not as a fellow Christian prisoner, whose hands were amputated that he might never build another mosque as beautiful as the one he had completed.

As we walk along under the pointed archways, we are impressed with the magnitude of the whole of it, covering some twenty thousand square yards. At each side is the colonnading and the arches. Three rows on each side except on the "Mecca" side, where there are four remaining rows sheltering the pulpit and the prayer-recess, toward whose beautiful inlaid panels, the people in large numbers were wont to touch their heads to the dust of the earth, as they knelt or bowed, praying toward the East.

Yes, this is the prayer-recess, or "Kibla," in its gilded mosaic splendor, with its shapely Byzantine capitals, and here beside it is the pulpit, though of a later date and robbed of some of its most characteristic panels. Still it stands with some of its original beautiful carved-work and inlaid ivory and ebony. This inlay, wood-carving and mosaic panelling, characteristic forms of Cairo ornament,have been copied from the even finer examples found in the doors of the old Coptic churches of Babylon in Old Cairo, where there are hundreds of beautifully designed panels, no two of which are of the same design.

Notice, on that pillar, the ancient marble slab bearing the charter of the mosque. The frieze, too, all around the edge is covered with carved Koran texts. Is not that a quaint medallion frieze, or openwork balustrade surmounting the surrounding outer wall? Doesn't it remind you of the rows of sunbonnet babies you used to cut out of brown paper?

On our way to the unique minaret, which we shall climb, we will pass that large mausolem-like dome covering an octagonal basin or ablution fountain in the center of the court. The minaret, which is unlike any other in the city, gets its name "Ram's Horn" from the spiral effect, due to the arrangement of the stone steps around the outside. In the unusual square lower section are the original wooden ties of the pillars supporting this mosque for more than a thousand years, and we find that they are still sound, due to the preserving power of the dry climate.

From the top of the minaret we command a panoramic view of the surrounding land-marks. To the south, lie the Pyramids of Dahshur, dim in the distance; to the west, the huge Pyramids of Gizeh, are silhouetted against the desert sky; to the north, the valley of the Nile as far as the Delta; and to the east, rise the Mokattam Hills, and the Citadel with the graceful minarets of the alabaster mosque, pointing their slender fingers toward the sky.

We must hasten, if we are to see the sunset of the desert from the highest and most beautiful mosque, the so-called "Alabaster Mosque" of Mohammed Ali on the Citadel.

It is truly a masterpiece of workmanship and artistic effects with its enhancing and elegant minarets reaching up from their billowy bed of domes. The twin minarets of this mosque, so slender and graceful are a conspicuous and distinguishing landmark of Cairo and its surrounding country.

At the entrance are the guides, waiting for visitors, with their canvas sandals ready to keep the non-Muslims' feet from polluting the house of prayer. Although the columns and walls of both inside and outside are only encrusted with a poor quality of alabaster from the famous quarries at Beni Suef, and some of the encrustation is only plaster or wood painted over to resemble alabaster, yet the effect is one of grand splendor. The beautiful and countless lights hanging low on the long straight chains, the lovely immense rugs, the extraordinary height of the domes, the rich inlaid prayer-recess and pulpit, give us a feeling of awe so that we scarcely speak above a whisper even when we pass the less grand part—that set aside for the women.

Here, from this open-air balcony, is the chance to study Oriental pastel colorings in their true harmonies as reflected in the countless domes, minarets, gardens, stone buildings, and in the many desert tints and minor harmonies.

The court below, is like so many of the others, except more grand with a floor of marble, surrounded by arched galeries, where much of the alabaster has been replaced by the cheaper and more accessible limestone. In the center is the now-familiar pavilion with its Moorish Arabesque.

Far beyond all this we see the silver thread of the Nile as it wends its way past Old Cairo, the Pyramids of Gizeh, and off to lose itself in the sandy irregularities of the desert. Millions, we are told, depend upon that silver thread for all life—millions, more content with filth, ignorance and superstition, than inclined at all towards attaining knowledge or better environment for body or soul. This, of course, is not true of all Egyptian peoples, but of those millions who have not found the light of Christian love and civilization. Among this congested population within the narrow valley of the Nile, there are countless souls ripe unto the harvest of the Christ lover.

As we descend in the gathering dusk, we can still plainly discern the turbaned heads in rows, bowing towards the East on their prayer-rugs. Some, having finished their prayers, sit cross-legged on the floor lost in thought. Surely many Christians might well take a lesson in concentration of mind during prayer, and reverential attitude within the house of prayer, from these Oriental worshippers.

As we mingle again with the poor in the street, we are made to feel that surely God in His infinite wisdom and kindness hath given unto this vast multitude ample provision for their daily physical wants. They, though too poor and without initiative or inclination to provide definitely for the morrow, have been given the warm sun and the Nile of Egypt. Thousands of these simple souls are quietly waiting for us, who with His help, guidance, and protection are to bring to them the Spiritual satisfaction.

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CAIRO: A CITY OF MOSQUES.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG HALLS OF LEARNING.

The following extract from the last Budget of the Ministry of Education in Egypt is offered to show what the Egyptian Government is doing towards the development of education.

As a Mission we welcome all these developments even though these Government Schools, splendidly equipped and backed by large funds rival anything that we can attempt along similar lines. But we feel a larger responsibility because of this development. It means more open doors for evangelization, more intelligent listeners to truth, a widened circle for the distribution of literature, as well as the ever present responsibilty of holding high the true ideal of education, which ideal can only be held aloft by Christian Schools.—Ed. Minnehaha Finney.

EDUCATION IN EGYPT.

As Carried on by the Egyptian Government's Ministry of Education.

The total amount of the Ministry's budget for 1917-18 shows an apparent increase of L. E. 42,550 ($212,750) as compared with that of the preceding year. The payment of fees having been introduced into the Sultanieh Training College, and fees having been raised in other colleges and schools, the revenue from this source has been increased accordingly, and the Ministry of Finance has agreed to the additional revenue so obtained being placed at the disposal of the Ministry of Education for the further development of education. Further, a considerable part of the increased expenditure is met by the fees derived from the increased number of pupils in the schools and the revenue obtained from other sources, with the result that the actual increase for 1917-18 in the Ministry's estimated expenditure is shown to be only L. E. 12,000 ($60,000). Moreover, at least three-quarters of this increase must be attributed to the increase of expenditure occasioned not only by the larger number of pupils in the schools, but more particularly by the enhanced cost of school materials, food, coal, etc. Notwithstanding these limited resources and the difficulties of the present situation, various developments have been carried into effect or have been provided for.

In Elementary Education measures are being taken by the development of Training Colleges to provide a supply of teachers to meet as far as possible the needs of the country. In the Women's Training College and the Men's Training College, opened at Alexandria in 1916 provision has been made for two additional classes and one additional class respectively. The higher elementary schools for girls have been inaugurated in Cairo and Damietta and one higher elementary school for boys in Cairo, in addition to twenty boys' higher elementary schools and two girls' higher elementary schools established by the provincial councils. All these schools are following the scheme of higher elementary education, adopted in June, 1916. Special inspectors have been appointed to undertake the supervision of the practical training in manual work and agriculture which forms an essential part of the syllabus of these schools.

In the elementary schools or maktabs, the re-organization started in 1915, in two girls' elementary schools in which the teachers received their salaries from the Government, is to be extended to twelve other schools. Progress is also being made in private elementary schools, the number under the inspection of the Ministry having increased this year by 160 schools; the credit for grants-in-aid to these schools has accordingly been increased from L. E. 3,000 ($15,000) to L. E. 4,000 ($20,000).

The Extension of Elementary Education.

The ministry of Education has in recent years been doing a considerable amount of pioneer work in connection with the development of elementary education. The way seems now sufficiently prepared for a more extensive effort.

The Ministry of Education, after a careful survey of the question, feels that the time has come for the inauguration of some gradual scheme for the education of the masses of the people. A demand is frequently made through the press for the establishment of compulsory education. It is clear, however, that the provision of efficient schools must precede any measure for enforcing school attendance. In view of the vastness of the needs, it is desirable that a start should at once be made on definite lines, which would lead to the accomplishment of a scheme of definite scope, by measured progress, within a predetermined period. Such a scheme would inevitably entail a large expenditure both for buildings and for the maintainance of the schools, but if the burden were distributed on a reasonable basis between the State, the Provincial Councils and the localities immediately benefitted, the cost need not be regarded as prohibitive. The way has already been prepared, on the technical side, by the rapid development of the means of supplying qualified teachers.

The Ministry of Education has under consideration a scheme of this nature. It is hoped that the improving financial situation will permit of this question, on which the progress of the country in many directions largely depends, being dealt with shortly in a practical form.

Primary Education.

(N. B.—The term "Primary" in Egypt corresponds to "The Grades" in the United State Educational Nomenclature.)—Ed.

The budget makes provision for four additional classes in the boys' primary schools, thus allowing for the admission of 6,580 boys instead of 6,174 as at present.

Secondary Education.

(N. B.—The term "Secondary" corresponds to an ordinary High School Course of Study).

The budget provides for the addition of five classes in the existing secondary schools, thus allowing for the admission of 2,818 pupils instead of 2,620 as at present.

The building of the secondary school at Assiut is being continued and it is hoped that it will be completed during the summer of 1918.

Moreover, in accordance with an agreement with the Sharkieh Provincial Council, by which the council has undertaken to bear the cost of building a boys' primary school, the Ministry of Education proposes eventually to open a secondary school in the premises hitherto occupied by the primary school at Zagazig. In view, however, of the difficulty of securing the necessary European staff during the continuance of the war and of difficulties in obtaining building materials, it seems probable that it will not be possible to give practical effect to this scheme until after the war.

As far as its resources allow, the Ministry continues to provide grants-in-aid to private secondary schools. The credit for grants-in-aid to these schools has been increased from L. E. 6,000 to L. E. 7,000. There are now under inspection eighteen private secondary schools, of which nine, as compared with six in the previous year, appear to be eligible for a grant-in-aid.

Higher Education.

The estimates provide for two additional classes in the Sultanieh Training College, which supplies qualified teachers for the primary schools for the government and private secondary schools. The number of students in the college will thus be raised to 310. Ten years ago the number was only 32.

The school of engineering is also to be

developed in accordance with its new organization, which will allow of eighty students being admitted to the first year instead of sixty and of the total number of students in the college, which has hitherto never exceeded 198, being raised to 240. With the aim of further increasing the efficiency of the Ministry's teaching staff, the number of students to be sent to Europe as bursars of the Egyptian Educational Mission, which had been reduced on account of the war, is to be increased by 11; the total number of students in Europe will thus be 35.

Notwithstanding the diminution in the number of students who now proceed to Europe for study since the outbreak of the war, there are at present under the guidance and care of the directors of the Egyptian Educational Mission 148 Egyptians studying at their own expenses in England, 74 in France and 15 in Switzerland. The assistance which the Directors resident in Europe are able to give to these students under the present difficult circumstances is much appreciated both by the parents and the students.

Other schemes which it has been necessary to postpone owing to financial considerations are connected with the extension of elementary education, female education and higher education.

A State University.

Educational developments have now reached a stage which makes it possible and desirable to consider as a practical question the establishment of a State University. Government at present provides professional courses of university rank in medicine, pharmacy, veterinary, science, law, engineering, agriculture, commerce and education in dissociated colleges.

The present organization is, however, admittedly incomplete and defective. It is found that the students on admission are inadequately prepared for higher specialized studies; in consequence a certain amount of general preliminary education has to be included in the professional courses. The existing colleges also furnish no opportunity for students, after completing their secondary course, to secure a liberal education apart from a professional career. Further, the complete separation of the courses makes the present organization of higher education inelastic, leaving little opportunity for optional studies or for different combinations of courses. Not only so, but insufficient provision and incentive exist for post-graduate studies or original research.

In short, the present organization lacks the magic of inspiration. It insufficiently sets forth high ideals, it has developed no academic traditions, it is too exclusively utilitarian. It tends to foster the belief that the obtaining of a diploma is the one and only purpose to be kept in view. The true spirit of culture—the pursuit of learning for its own sake—is not evoked. It fails in consequence to make an adequate contribution to the finer life and thought of the nation.

Moreover, the number of pupils who now complete the secondary course and desire to continue their studies has outgrown the existing provision for higher education, greatly extended though this has become. With the development of secondary education, both through Government and private secondary schools, the number of candidates successful at the Secondary Education Certificate Examination, Part II (Ordinary and Supplementary Sessions) has now attained considerable proportions, as will be seen from the following table:

1891	28 successful
1901	82 successful
1911	445 successful
1915	535 successful
1916	682 successful

Of the 682 candidates who were successful in 1916, 619 actually applied for admission to a higher college, but only 341 were able to secure admission, the others being rejected mainly for lack of accommodation. There is therefore an immediate need for a further extension of higher education.

It seems right that in any new extension an effort should be made to meet the requirements of those for whom the existing higher colleges make no provision, namely those who wish to pursue a higher course of study for the sake of general culture, without reference to any particular profession of career. That such a class exists is shown by the fact that a number of Egyptian parents are actually spending large sums on the education of their sons in European Universities, where they frequently follow, not professional courses directed to particular careers, but courses of liberal studies.

Further, the long and varied history of Egypt as well as its geographical situation and its position in the Moslem world clearly point to the appropriateness of Cairo as a seat for a college of Oriental studies.

At present Egypt, in spite of incomparable advantages, provides no opportunities (such as exist in the most important European universities) for acquiring a literary knowledge of the languages that are cognate with Arabic and of the comparative philology of the Semitic languages, or of the languages of Ancient Egypt, or for the investigation of the many other literary, archeological, historical and philosophical questions on which these studies throw light.

These considerations point to the conclusion that the time has come for the creation of higher courses of study of the true University type—in particular, a Faculty of Letters, a Faculty of Science, and a Faculty of Oriental studies. The establishment of these three faculties would give a large measure of completeness to the provision for higher education. Brought into proper correlation under a single authority, the higher colleges would then form a real University, with a wide variety of courses.

The organization of a Government University on these lines is no new idea. As far back as 1894, Yacoub Artin Pasha in his "Considerations sur l'Instruction Publique en Egypte," spoke of the reform necessary to secure an effective and solid foundation for higher education.

At that time, however, the number of students who gained the secondary education certificate was only 32, and the higher colleges then existing were all of them inadequately recruited.

The actual proposals of the Ministry of Education may be summarized as follows:

It is proposed to create a Faculty of Letters, a Faculty of Science, and a Faculty of Oriental Studies and to correlate all the higher colleges in one organization as a University.

The University course, whether for professional qualifications or for a degree in Letters or Science or Oriental Studies would comprise two stages—the Intermediate and the Final.

All the courses for the Intermediate stage would be given in the Faculty of Letters or the Faculty of Science. These two Faculties would consequently constitute the centre of the University. The Intermediate course would deal with preliminary general education, but would provide for a wide variety of alternatives and options, so as to meet the varying needs of students who are proceeding subsequently to the different higher colleges; this would give greater elasticity to the present system.

The final stages for a degree in letters or science would be continued in the Faculties concerned. These Faculties would also include a supplementary course for an honours degree. The final stage for professional diplomas (medicine, law, etc.) would be followed in the special colleges for these subjects.

Before a student was admitted to the final stage, he would be required to pass the Intermediate examination in letters or science. This would secure that the students had received a more adequate general preparation before proceeding to the professional colleges, and would permit of the courses in these colleges being restricted more closely to technical training, and of the period occupied by them being proportionately reduced.

It would have the further advantage that it would liberate accommodation in the professional colleges, and would thus enable these colleges to admit a larger number of students. The provision for professional education would thus be extended at the same time that opportunities for a liberal education, apart from a professional career, were created.

In the Sultanieh Training College, a large portion of the course on both the literary side and the scientific side is at present taken up with general education similar in its nature to that to be given in the faculties of letters and science. Under this scheme, the students of the earlier years of the Sultanieh Training College would form a nucleus for the proposed colleges of letters and science, whilst the course of professional education in that college would be concentrated and developed into the faculty of education.

Various possibilities in that way of finding temporary accommodation for the new faculties have been carefully studied, and it is believed that the difficulties in this respect are not insuperable.

Careful consideration has also been given to the question of cost. It is not possible at present to give any precise estimates. It is clear, however, that the necessary new expenditure would be reduced by utilizing existing institutions (for example, the Sultanieh Training College would form the nucleus of the college of letters and science as well as the faculty of education). It would also be compensated to a certain extent by the avoidance of the overlapping that at present takes place as well as by the increased revenue from fees.

The adoption of this scheme would have a stimulating effect on the whole organization for higher education. It would correct any narrowing tendencies in the professional colleges. It would give a fresh intellectual outlook to the youth of the country. By the encouragement of post-graduate study and research it would make an effort to advance knowledge as well as disseminate it. Gradually, as it began to achieve its purpose, it would stimulate and focus and reflect the intellectual life of the country. It is generally recognized that in the keen international struggle, a nation cannot afford to do less than to give to all its citizens a sound and well-adapted general education, and to those who are to be its leaders and inspirers a higher and more exacting culture and discipline. This scheme, taken in conjunction with the other developments and projects described above, would ultimately give to Egypt a fairly complete system of education, adapted to the needs of all classes of the population..

Female Education.

But it is in female education that there is the greatest call for an advance. Progress, however, depends in the first place on the supply of a sufficient number of qualified women teachers. The pivot of the scheme for the training of women teachers, and indeed of the whole organization of female education, is the Sanieh Training College in Cairo. It is this college that must supply women teachers not only for the girls' primary schools but also for the girls' elementary schools and the women's elementary training colleges, as well as furnish a selected number of students to be sent to Europe for further training. The number of teachers turned out by Sanieh Training College is at present quite inadequate for these needs. Actually, the Ministry of Education has need of no less than 36 additional teachers with the diploma of the Sanieh Training College for its own schools (sixteen of them being very urgently required) whilst the provincial Councils have this year asked to be supplied with 17 teachers holding this diploma. In consequence of the recent organization of the Sanieh Training College and the extension of the course from three to four years, not a single student is, however, available for appointment this year; and the final classes of the course contain only 16 students, of whom 8 are in the general section and 8 in the section for teachers of domestic subjects. The need for a large supply of women teachers is also accentuated by the fact that the professional career of women teachers in Egypt, owing to local customs, is exceptionally short.

To enable the Sanieh Training College to fulfill its mission and provide an adequate supply of women teachers for the growing needs of the country, it requires to be developed on a similar scale to the Sultanieh Training College for schoolmasters (which next year will have over 300 students) and the Boulac Elementary Training College for schoolmasters (which now has 230 students). At present the Sanieh Training College is attended by less than 60 students. To permit of this extensive development it is, however, essential that the number of girls' primary schools from which the Sanieh Training College derives recruits should be considerably increased. While thus endeavoring to develop the Sanieh Training College, the Ministry is at the same time directing its attention to increasing the number of girls' primary schools, an increase which is demanded no less by the needs of the country than by the necessity of recruiting the training college. A new girls' primary school is, therefore, to be opened at Alexandria in March and credits are included in the budget for opening another in Cairo as soon as possible.

For the development of female education the Ministry of Education has had in contemplating two schemes to which it attaches the great test importance.

The first proposal aimed at encouraging and improving through grants-in-aid and inspection, the girls' primary schools that are carried on by the Provincial Councils and by various philanthropic societies, on lines similar to the grant-in-aid scheme for private secondary schools. A notable improvement has been secured in the private secondary schools through the grant-aid scheme, and there is every reason to believe that equally satisfactory results could be obtained, with a comparatively small outlay, by the Ministry of Education thus coming to the aid of the non-departmental girls' primary schools. It is hoped that it may be possible in the next budget to find funds for this purpose.

The second proposal relates to the establishment in Cairo of a girls' high school comprising a primary and secondary department, adapted to the circumstances of girls belonging to the well-to-do classes, who are able to pay a substantial school-fee, but attach considerable importance to having their daughters educated in a select social environment, desire that their education shall extend beyond the rudimentary primary course, and shall embrace more in the way of refinements.

The Ministry of Education attaches great importance to this scheme, not merely because it will meet the needs of an important class which finds the present provision unsuitable, but because it feels convinced that the raising of the level of education in this way in even a favored class of the population will react beneficially on the whole question of female education. New standards will gradually be created, and the general level of education among women will be thereby gradually raised. This school would form the nucleus of what it may be hoped, will some day be a system that would eventually make it possible for the present low standard of admission to the Sanieh Training College to be raised, as well as provide a satisfactory preliminary education for other higher colleges for women, such as the Women's Medical College for which funds are at present being raised by public subscription.

Great progress has been made in the development of female education in recent years. Each step in advance opens the way, however, to still more that requires to be done. The Ministry feels confident that all that the country spends on the education of women will yield a rich harvest.

MAGIC VERSUS SIMPLE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

I have in my possession an amulet, a leather bag, for which the owners paid six pounds, or thirty dollars. They gave it to me very reluctantly. Because I asked for it, they could not refuse me, but they charged me not to open it. However, I did, and found a beautifully hand-painted sheet, twenty by thirty inches in size. The design was the conventional magic square, which is so common among amulet makers. The names written in various curious ways were Allah, Mohammed, and the four Guardian Angels. They told me that the man who wrote the amulet was a noted character, and that it took him forty days to do it, spending this time being entertained in the house of a wealthy relative of the girl for whom the amulet was being prepared.

This girl had been in a Christian school and had professed belief in Christ. This was one of the methods they used to shake her belief. It seems that the writer of the amulet was a ventriloquist and that every evening he would use this power to make the demons and devils say things to the mother and her possessed daughter seated in the middle of the darkened room, on the floor. Sometimes the devil would chide her for knowing English and for believing in Christ, speaking to her in the most terrifying tones from all corners of the darkened room. In the daytime when she and her mother were busy preparing a meal the voice of a demon would suddenly shout to them from beneath the boiling kettle. Although the girl did not understand all these performances, yet her simple faith was not shaken, and for years has been a very real witness for her Savior while living among the most fanatical surroundings. MINNEHAHA FINNEY.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

EGYPT.

Minnehaha Finney, Editor, Tanta, Egypt.

"THANK YOU."

Six little girls, in the first year, who didn't know their lessons! And who, worse and more of it, had laughed about it! Indeed it was a serious charge that Miss Liza, our new unexperienced teacher brought to me. So I made all haste to view the culprits. There they stood —six little girls from eight to twelve years of age. There was Nargis with her two stiff wooly little braids sticking straight out from her head, her restless little body and roving eyes. Then came Marie with her slack mouth and weak face; Elane, bright, clever, little mite grown careless over her work; Alice with her vacant look; Eida, a pretty Mohammedan girl who had laughed first and was too obstinate to apologize; and last of all there was Linda with her sullen face and pursed-out lower lip.

And so I viewed the battle field, and hastily worked up the storm that must at once break out upon these sinners and overwhelm them. Ten minutes later when all was over I prepared to take my departure. Did they understand me? Indeed yes, they assured me. I looked upon their down-cast faces and Linda's violent though rather poorly assumed grief and was passing through the door when suddenly their united voice arrested me. I turned in great surprise but yes, they had said it, "Thank You!" I gazed at them in consternation for a moment, then remembering my own manners assured them "you are quite welcome" and fled to the office.

Later, during devotions while facing the hundred and ten little girls enrolled in the school, I thought it over. Did they really mean it? I looked at Linda's sullen face and doubted it. Just then my book slipped from my lap to the floor. A girl quickly recovered it for me, and at my smile of thanks her face brightened. Ah! perhaps "thank you" was the key after all into the lives of these girls before me. "I thank you" if they could truly mean it perhaps much might enter those opened doors, perhaps even they might some day swing open to welcome Him Who had rendered to each there so great and marvelous a service. May each yet learn to say, "thank you," to Him Who gave Himself that they might have life.

DAVIDA M. FINNEY, Mansoura.

IT RAINS IN EGYPT!

You thought it never rained in Egypt? In some parts it doesn't, but many a time I have been glad that I had a good stout umbrella, raincoat and overshoes here in Alexandria.

With the first drops of rain you are reminded of that old piece in the reader, "It snows! cries the schoolboy," for you hear the street children screaming like mad. You may welcome it as something home-like but for them it means get wet and you will wear wet clothes until they dry on you. Not sitting close to a bright fire, but by the aid only of what sun may peep out between showers. Last Monday just as the girls were coming to school there was a regular deluge. The street beside the school was running full of water from curb to curb. It was icy cold water, too, for there had been some hail. Some were soaked to the knees. When it stopped raining we sent the "wettest" home. The rest who had gotten their feet wet we lined up in the office. Then upstairs we flew and collected all the surplus shoes and stockings we could find. Before long we had them fitted out, in "57 different varieties," perhaps, but dry.

When I was in Tanta at Christmas time I watched the rain pour into the homes (?) of two Arab families. (A family consisting perhaps of an old man, his wife or wives, his sons and their wives and a dozen or so of children). These huts were made of mud and Standard Oil tins, (for which reason someone nicknamed them "The Rockefellers"). Evidently each downpour revealed fresh deficiencies and between drops the women folks crawled over the outside and plastered up the holes with mud.

Imagine a cold rain in January with a dozen or so persons in one room with a dirt floor, leaky roof, no windows and no fire. But look! there is a fire, for smoke comes from every crevice of the hut. At first you can't imagine how they ever get anything to burn, it is all so wet, and then you are sure it is all on fire, there is so much smoke. A few hours later when the sun has come out again you see the whole "tribe" happily sunning themselves outside. A small piece of matting, spread on the ground, moves, and behold! five dirty little ragamuffins crawl out from their afternoon nap on the wet ground.

You shudder at their wretchedness and filth and wonder why it must all be so. When Jesus took the little children in His arms and blessed them did He really mean such as "the least of these?"

GRACE MCCREERY, Alexandria.

Miss McCreery has been teaching for two years in the Alexandria Girls' School. We hope she will decide to give her life to work in Egypt.—ED.

"HE REVEALS HIMSELF UNTO BABES."

Fatma, one of our little Moslem girls was absent from school for several days and I sent a child to inquire about her. She came back to say Fatma had sore eyes and her mother wanted me to go and visit her as she "liked to hear the words of our Lord."

We wound in and out through devious narrow alleys and then turned into the narrowest of all and went down a short, sloping, uneven passage-way into a tiny court, and there I found Sitta Zainab and her family. They were Moslems but she had been taught by one of the Bible women for years and the Volunteer Band had held meetings there from time to time on Sabbath afternoons. Her tattered, soiled garments hung upon her most inartistically and the baby at her breast was sadly in need of proper attention, but her fine face, lined with care, was strong and calm, and the deep set brown eyes showed signs of an awakened soul.

We spent a precious hour together and I loved her from the first. The acquaintanceship ripened into friendship and it soon became a pleasure to anticipate a visit with "Zainab."

For almost two years we have been friends. I had been busy of late and hadn't seen much of her so was delighted last week when she came to visit me.

After we exchanged salutations and kissed each other's hands, she sat down on the floor with her unbathed baby at her breast and I saw that she was more troubled than usual. I knew she would tell me all about it, so I waited.

Finally she turned her intelligent face up to me and said, "I've missed your sweet visits, and I've had a hard winter, Ya Sitt."

I stroked her hand and smiled understandingly, for I knew how true it was.

"My husband," she went on, "is only a water-carrier and makes a few piastres a month. My oldest son—well, it had been better if he had not been born."

Her voice broke in a sudden passion of grief and tears rained down the careworn cheeks. I had never seen her give way like this and it moved me strangely.

"But your daughters?" I said, softly.

"Praise be to God," she responded, "My married daughter has given me this very garment off her own back that I might have something to cover myself." I looked at the poor worn-out garment and sighed.

Then she poured it all out to me—the whole sad tale, and I knew it all to be only too true. She did not complain or even seem to expect any material help.

I silently asked the Master to teach me how to comfort her and my Arabic Testament opened to these words, "He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes * * * neither shall there be mourning or crying or pain * * * " and we talked of the wonderful things in store for those who love Him. The sad face lit up with joy.

"How could I live without Him, my lady? Ah! He was very God— and

He loved us and came to save us. Yes, I know Him, dear lady."

"And He not only lived then, dear Zainab, but He lives now—He is here beside us—He knows all about it. Though we cannot understand, He does and we know that He will make it all work together for good to us who love Him."

"I know your words are true," she replied, for I have experienced His presence and without it I do not know how I could live on and hope. Indeed He is here, like the air, in every place and most of all He is in our very hearts and I am confident that He will make all things right."

And I—I thanked Christ that He reveals Himself to babes.

On that last great day hosts of Moslem women and girls, who dared not acknowledge Him here, will rise up to confess Him, "Whom, not having seen, they love."

SADIE THOMPSON, Assiut.

WORK AMONG WOMEN IN CAIRO.

It is rather difficult to give any readable or interesting account of work which comes more or less under my care in Cairo, but I can thank God that I have been so wonderfully kept in health, so that my work has not been broken into by sickness. And I have great joy generally in my rounds of duties, except when I am beset by my beggars, of whom there are about eight who come to me every week, with irregular ones added.

One of these is a frail old Mohammedan, tattooed woman who waits for me at the place where I take the electric car, and she has such a kind, pleading manner, I can never refuse her something. She told me one morning of a dream she had had in which she saw me, and Christ was speaking.

The part of my work which is the hardest on my head is the keeping of my little accounts and statistics. But these cover the accounts of the Faggala Girls' School with its eight teachers, and the tuition fees. Then there are sixteen Bible women whose accounts I keep, and statistics, and also those of eight missionary societies, and I am treasurer of the Delta Presbyterial.

I suppose what would interest people at home the most, would be visiting the homes of the people, either alone or with Bible women. Sometimes the women's meetings are exceedingly interesting, too, whether we think of the Coptic people or the Mohammedans. The latter generally express their approval or disapproval, either during prayer or the explanation of the Scripture for the day.

The Sabbath School which was begun in January of 1916, in the Aboul Ela quarter of Cairo, with the design of reaching poor Moslems, has gone on encouragingly so far as the number of people goes, but the Moslems are much afraid of being led off from their religion, and although there may be some days as many as five Mohammedan women there may not be any the next day. One fruit of this enterprise was the teaching of a little three year old Coptic child, who died some months ago from diphtheria. When she was sick, she said to her brother, "Get up and pray like our teacher does." And she repeated part of the Lord's prayer, and apparently her last words were, "O Lord."

It is a privilege to be associated with a work whose aim it is to lead souls to Christ and His love.

ANNA Y. THOMPSON.

SUDAN.

Mrs. T. A. Lambie, Editor.

HIKING EXPERIENCES OF THE MOURNFUL MISSIONARY IN THE SOUTHERN SUDAN.

(Concluded from September).

In response to a query addressed to a passing native as to the cause of the excitement they elicited the information that the men of the village had succeeded in killing a lion that had been ravaging their herds and they had just heard the news.

There is one thing that the natives of Africa can do and that is walk. They are excellent pedestrians. Their long legs enable them to cover the ground at an amazing pace and with so little effort that they seem able to keep it up almost indefinitely. Soon our friend found that it was only with difficulty that he was able to keep up with them. It seemed to him that he walked about three miles for every two that those thin long black legs accomplished. On and on they walked through a trail that lead them through the tall grass. It wound hither and thither around every little obstruction and seldom going in a straight line for more than twenty feet at a time. Overhead the tall dry grasses met. At times the path lead over somewhat higher ground, although the plain was all monotonously flat to the eye and the tall yellow grass gave place to shorter grass. The trail wound through several villages at which the little procession did not stop oblivious to the impression that they created amongst the minds of the villagers. The little children fled shrieking to their mothers when they caught sight of the white man, while the sleeping dogs aroused from their slumbers rushed from the doorways barking and showing their teeth at the white stranger although they cared not at all nor showed any ill will towards his companions.

The sun kept climbing in the heavens and getting hotter and hotter. At last they approached a large village where Dinyabong had a friend and as he came near to the village, though still perhaps half a mile away he stooped down and took off his sandals. The others did the same. "Why do you do that," said the mournful missionary. "Because of a very strong man who lived here once, he was similar to God and we do it out of respect to his memory for this village is regarded as sacred to him by the Dinkas."

Dinyabong met his old friend who seemed rejoiced to see him and the mournful missionary was offered the use of a native hut to rest himself while partaking of his noon day meal. He was tired and hungry and he laid himself down on the floor and munched some cold roast guinea fowl that he had brought along in the lunch basket and thought that he had never tasted anything more delicious in his life. Pok went to the river and brought a canteen full of lukewarm water to wash down the meal with. Dinyabong's friend asked the mournful one to shoot something for them to eat. He would much sooner have rested for a half hour or so but taking his gun he went out to where there was a flock of beautiful golden crested cranes, majestically standing and sunning themselves beside the river bank. Some of the birds were playing with each other as is peculiar to the crane family. They would stretch their long wings and leap into the air or go hopping about in the direction of other cranes pretending to be attacking them. It was all sport pure and simple as they never seem to get cross with each other or fight as the male birds do of so many game birds. It seemed too bad to break up the frolic but the Dinkas said that they were hungry for meat and so the mournful missionary crept up unseen in some long grass and with one shot brought down three of them. The others rose in the air in a perfect cloud of wings although two of them returned and circled around where the dead birds were lying on the ground and gave one plaintive cry before flying off across the river. They were the mates of the birds killed and had come back to see what had happened to their mates. This made the mournful missionary feel somewhat like a murderer must feel but the Dinkas with great satisfaction took the birds to the village and were soon busily engaging in roasting them over the live coals.

The guides had to have a bite of something to eat and then the hike was resumed. It was planned to stop at a village named Bill that evening this being about twenty-five miles from the starting point. Mile after mile they walked along, the mournful one getting more woebegone as he tried to speed up his lagging footsteps so as to keep pace with the long legged natives. They had company . A man who had been visiting in the village of the noonday halt and who had seen the killing of the cranes lived in Bill, and he promised that the missionary and the three natives should stop at his home that night in Bill.

The path led for the most part through grass land and over dried up swamps for it was now nearing the end of the dry season, when the swamps almost all dry up. Ground near the river banks is almost invariably swampy in the Sudan during the summer rainy season and late into the fall, but in the winter most of it dries up.

Where on earth was that place called Bill? The sun sank below the plain and by its fading light a large village could be seen in the west, Bill at last. Away off in another direction the heads of two solitary cranes could be seen. The Bill man who was accompanying the mournful missionary with great enthusiasm pointed out the cranes and begged him to go and shoot them for him. The mournful one felt of his tired aching calves and looked at Bill still some distance away and demurred. He really did not think that he could last any farther than to Bill and he felt that if he had to chase those two long legged cranes over the horizon that he could not reach his destination. Still the Bill man was to be his host that night and he felt that he ought to do what he wanted if possible. He simply felt that he could not make it and he told the man so. He was obdurate. His mouth was watering for crane and did not care how tired the mournful missionary was. "I'll go and shoot you something in the morning the first thing when I am a bit rested," promised the mournful missionary as they trudged on toward Bill.

When they reached the outskirts of the village, our friend turned around to address some remark to his host to be. He had vanished. He had turned aside into one of the huts on the purlieus of Bill. He did not reappear. Evidently he held a grouch on account of the failure of the missionary to shoot a crane for him. He was a typical Bill-ite (or Bill-ian). It was now night and everything was dark except for the meager illumination of some fires here and there through the village. Little groups were gathered about the fires but in none of these could their host be found and questionings were found to be useless. No one had heard of him.

The travelers asked for a hut since nothing was offered to them. Their request was refused. They offered to rent a hut for the night. This was also refused. Traveling light they had not brought a tent along. Not even a part of a hut could be given them by the surly villagers. At last they found a little clear space beside a cattle barn on the edge of the village and without asking permission they eased themselves of the loads that felt very heavy by this time and sat on the ground.

Thinking that a little fire might cheer them up the mournful missionary sent one of his men to see if they could buy or beg a little firewood as it was too late to go for any and the forest was some distance away. Again their requests met with a refusal. Our friend longed for a cup of hot tea and sent out the men to a stubble field near the village and they returned after some delay with armfuls of broken and dry corn stalks. With these a cheery fire was soon kindled. Three or four large lumps of mud were arranged in a circle and the teapot was perched atop of these and was soon cheerfully singing. Tea was brewed, the remnants of the guinea fowl were again brought into requisition. Just to see what would happen the mournful one sent Pok, the Nuer, to see if he could beg or buy a little milk for tea. Although there seemed to be large numbers of cows tied in the midst of the village yet the people churlishly refused to sell even a drop of milk.

Supper over the next thing was to try to make themselves comfortable for the night. The Nuers had their long spears with them. The missionary got out his blankets and spread one of them on the ground. The other one was to be for covers. A coat rolled up was the pillow. The next problem was how to fasten up the mosquito net there under the open sky. There was a miserable little dead tree and the missionary tied two of the corners of the mosquito net to it. Two of the long spears were driven into the that they seem able to keep it up almost indefinitely. Soon our friend found that it was only with difficulty that he was able to keep up with them. It seemed to him that he walked about three miles for every two that those thin long black legs accomplished. On and on they walked through a trail that lead them through the tall grass. It wound hither and thither around every little obstruction and seldom going in a straight line for more than twenty feet at a time. Overhead the tall dry grasses met. At times the path lead over somewhat higher ground, although the plain was all monotonously flat to the eye and the tall yellow grass gave place to shorter grass. The trail wound through several villages at which the little procession did not stop oblivious to the impression that they created amongst the minds of the villagers. The little children fled shrieking to their mothers when they caught sight of the white man, while the sleeping dogs aroused from their slumbers rushed from the doorways barking and showing their teeth at the white stranger although they cared not at all nor showed any ill will towards his companions.

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The Shilluk and the two Nuers crept into the cow barn, unnoticed, and slept among the ashes as they had not covering along, while the mournful one got a good sleep under his mosquito net on the ground outside, although the feelings that he holds towards all Dinkas in general and the particular Dinkas of the aforesaid village of Bill in particular were not such as would sound well if put down in black and white on the pages of the Women's Missionary Magazine.

In spite of the hardness of the ground the missionary slept well. Night seemed too short. Dinyabong was up betimes and insisted on an early start. They still had thirty-five miles to cover before they reached their destination. The bedding was rolled up, they munched a few crackers, the missionary had a few minutes of quiet time and the day's journey began.

On and on they walked. Sleeping on the ground is not conducive to early morning agility. Still they had left Bill behind them.

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NATIVE DANCE IN EGYPTIAN SUDAN.

EDITORIAL

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE,
EDITOR,
XENIA, - OHIO.

LIBERTY BONDS PREFERRED STOCK.

Likening the United States to a great corporation with more than a hundred million stock holders and with a capital stock and resources of more than *two hundred and fifty billions of dollars,* each American citizen is asked to be a stock holder in this great corporation.

The above appeal for the second "Liberty Loan" of many millions is soon to find ready takers in the support of funds for war.

Very few, in proportion to the large number of investors, have any adequate appreciation of the cost of war, they simply read figures in the billions!

"In protecting the credit of the United States Government you are protecting your own credit, you are protecting your own business, you are protecting every interest you have in life and property." We have read this from the circular letter from the Treasury Department Bureau of Publicity Liberty Loan 1917 and we believe in its necessity. We recognize the need of making supreme sacrifice. We further read in this appeal that the annual production of the United States from its farms, mines, factories and other sources amounts to *fifty billions* a year!

These are figures that make the brain ache in calculating possibilities for the legitimate use of money.

While we are not advertising the Liberty Loan soon to be placed before the American people, we would call attention to the fact that we live in the land and possess some share in the vastness of wealth represented in the call for patriotism and self-denial.

President Wilson said one of the causes for war was "This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand." War calls for men and money and the United States expects to provide both without hinderance or delay.

The church in the home-land must make a new adjustment in its appeal to its membership in behalf of its mission in the world. While recognizing the spirit of patriotism and self-defense in preparation for war, there is no less obligation to make large plans for the preservation of our missionary enterprise, in foreign lands especially. Just now there is need for more men and women missionaries than at any period in our missionary undertaking.

While the need for money is not placed foremost , it does constitute a necessity in the development of Christian missions. It does seem now, more than ever before that the church should give attention to the plans our missionaries are making for advance. From the Sudan, from Egypt, from India appeals are now urgent for investments not promising "4%" in good American money but rather in accumulated interest payable in eternity.

The spirit of sacrifice and the pouring out of money in this world war has had no parallel in the world's history. If but a fraction of the sums already expended had been given in missions of peace and salvation there would be no war today.

Our own denomination has large interests in the lands affected by this war. Our missionary force is not equal to the enemy of righteousness. The need of immediate sacrifice for the larger and better equipped work is most urgent. How can we ignore it? The cause of Jesus Christ, His commands "to go or send" has not been recalled, because of world wide war. We show our patriotism to our own land by sacrifice. Are we going to be less loyal to Jesus Christ in the conflict of righteousness with unrighteousness?

The special opportunity for the women of the United Presbyterian Church just now is in the giving of a large Thank-Offering this fall, which will enable our Women's Board to do a larger part in the missionary obligations we have as ours. While our government is making plans to dispose of many millions for war, may we not consider seriously that we must increase our gifts to the King of kings whose world conquests for righteousness will not fail. And to have a share in the preferred dividends, He will make to His own is the most worthy of all investments!

Let us dare to do large and worthy things for Christ and His church abroad, in these times when His name may prevail among the nations that are waiting for His peaceful reign. The testimony of Christian missionaries is that the non-Christian world can be won for Christ if the church in the home-land will make its plans now in prayers, with sons and daughters and gifts of money equal to accomplish the task.

* * *

"The Little Journeys in Egypt" will furnish information for the student of our missions in Egypt. This number was not equal to providing for all material furnished by our co-editor, Miss Minnehaha Finney, of Egypt, although sixteen extra pages were given. The remaining articles will be of much value in succeeding issues. It means a great deal of extra work for our missionaries to give us such a splendid special number as this.

* * *

We will follow our missionaries sailing from San Francisco, October 27th, with prayers and loving concern as they leave for Egypt and the Sudan. We can not have them too much in prayer for safety and health; these are perilous times on sea and land. As God's messengers we trust Him to bring them safely to their fields of service for Him.

OUTLINED PROGRAMS FOR THE STUDY OF MISSIONS WILL BE READY FOR MAILING NOVEMBER 1st.

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Price, per 25, $0.75. With 5c. Extra for Postage.

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THANK OFFERING

EDITED BY MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER.
2828 Perrysville Ave., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Business Address,
905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE PRAYER THAT REACHES HEAVEN

The prayer that springs from wells beneath
That have their sources from above,
The prayer that gives—the prayer that goes,
The prayer that prays from very love.

The prayer that prays unceasingly.
The prayer that prays for friend and foe.
The prayer that prays untiringly
The prayer that prays for high and low.

This prayer is prayed in Jesus' name.
This prayer only is Spirit-given.
This prayer will always end in praise.
This is the prayer that reaches heaven.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS FROM "THE MEANING OF PRAYER."

Prayer is universal.

The human soul never outgrows prayer.

Prayer has proved capable of unlimited development.

Prayer is not only universal in extent but it is infinite in quality.

With a clearer revelation of God comes a widening and deepening of intelligent prayer.

Prayer at its best always refuses the impossible task of separating the "I" from the "Me" and in its supplications gathers up the common needs of all mankind to carry them in earnest sympathy to God.

No blessing and no disaster ever can be strictly private; common needs, common perils, and common possibilities bind all mankind together. When ye pray say, "Our Father, "our daily bread," "our debts," "our debtors."

Persons are not separate individuals merely, like grains of sand, but as Paul says, are "Numbers one of another." We ask the leaf, are you complete in yourself? and the leaf answers, No, my life is in the branches.

We ask the branch, and the branch answers, No, my life is in the trunk. We ask the trunk, and it answers, No, my life is in the root. We ask the root, and it answers, No, my life is in the trunk and the branches and the leaves. Keep the branches stripped of leaves and I shall die. So it is with the great tree of being: nothing is completely and merely individual.

Intercession will often have effect in the lives of those on whose behalf the prayer is made. The knowledge that his friends are praying for him is one of the finest and most empowering influences that can surround any man.

"Pray one for another." "The fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man availeth much."

"More things art wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,
For what are men better than sheep or goats
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

MOBILIZE FOR PRAYER.

In preparation for the coming "Ingathering" of Thank-Offerings let every society mobilize its present liberal givers for earnest united prayer for God's blessing upon every effort being put forth by the General Secretary, Presbyterial and Congregational Secretaries and Committees to bring the full $100,000 Thirtieth Birthday Anniversary Offering into the treasury before the middle of December.

Societies in preparation for the "Ingathering" should send every woman and young woman in the congregation an urgent invitation to attend and enclose a Thank-Offering envelope and thus give all an opportunity to express their gratitude through gifts. The one you may carelessly pass by may be one for whom God has a special work to do for Him through her Thank-Offering.

Be watchful unto prayer in all your preparation for the "Ingathering."

Prayer plus good methods, plus consecrated zeal will result in victory over the present day selfishness which prevails so generally among God's own people today.

Oh Christian women! Are you in an attitude of listening, waiting, watching for God's call to you personally to "Come into His courts and bring an offering with you?" Or, are you so absorbed in yourselves and your families as to turn a deaf ear to His urgent call?

Are you keeping close enough to Him to be within calling distance? Or, are you "sitting at ease" so near the border line of the world that you fail to hear Him whispering to you through the many needs of the hour. "Work for I am with you saith the Lord."

"Work" through prayers and gifts and service "while it is day, for night cometh in which no man can work."

ATTENTION!

If every one of the 80,000 women in our United Presbyterian Church would average one penny a day for 1917, what would our Thank-Offering be?

Answer: $292,000.

If the 80,000 women would average ten cents a week for 1917, what would our Thank-Offering be?

Answer: $416,000.

Notice: In view of the above ought we not to be ashamed to ask the women of the Church for only $100,000 for 1917, when the need for funds for work in all our mission fields is greater than ever before?

The statistics for 1916 show:

Members of Women's and Young Women's Missionary Societies, 30.062.

The total Thank-Offering, $77,646.29, including $6,435.02 given by the Junior Societies.

Subtracting the Junior gifts from the total, leaves $71,211.27 for the older organizations.

When we study the story the figures tell, we hang our heads in grief and shame for we find the average per member is less than five cents a week in 1916 for "the benefits" with which "God daily loadeth us."

This is a sad condition for Christian people. Yet, it is far too true for the peace of mind of those who are in charge of the Thank-Offering of our denomination.

And alas! What can be said of the thousands of women who are professed followers of Christ, and whose names are on our own Church rolls, who forgot all His benefits and failed to prove their gratitude as God has asked them to do: "Come near and bring thank-offerings into the house of the Lord."

May we not hope for a better report for 1917?

Query: What will the Thank-Offering be in 1917 if the 30,062 members of the two older organizations average ten cents a week per member?

Answer: $156,332.40.

Can we give this sum? Yes! Without the least self-denial on the part of nine-tenths of the members.

Will we give it? Who will answer?

"Lord increase our faith" and open our eyes to see ourselves as Thou dost see us!

THOSE "MITES" OF OURS!

Will they meet us by and by—those "mites" of ours that we dropped into the Thank-Offering box with a song of praise or a prayer—in the faces of redeemed ones from every land?

Did we give up something beautiful? What rare beauty awaits us in the beyond!

Did we miss the fine music of earth? Wait and listen to the Hallelujahs of the choir above!

We denied ourselves the precious ornament! But we will see the jewel on the Master's brow!

We denied ourselves rich homes! But the homeless ones here are in bright mansions there!

We brought Him our "mites" and He blessed them! But, oh, the sorrow and the shame that we did not bring more!

—Adapted from a leaflet.

SOCIETIES! KEEP IN MIND!

Remember to have your Thank-Offering blanks—sent you by your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretaries—well filled out after your "Ingatherings" are over, and return promptly to addresses given by them.

Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretaries! Will you not keep in mind to send to the General Thank-Offering Secretary's business address, 905 Publication Building, Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., all the society blanks, after you have taken from them reports for your several Presbyterials.

It is very important that all society blanks be sent in early in January if you wish a creditable showing in the annual report of your General Secretary at the next convention.

Cannot, will not, all the workers strive to make our 1917 report the best in the history of the thirty years of the Thank-Offering movement?

SOCIETY EXCUSES.

Says a writer, "The most cheerless word at times in the English language is but." When a special effort is being made to secure means with which to carry on the work God gives His people to do, that word—"but"—with its significant pauses, rises up mountain high to barricade the way of success.

Listen to it! "Our society would have increased its Thank-Offering this year 'but' we were building a new church and every dollar we could raise had to be given to it."

"Our women were anxious to be on the Honor Roll by doubling their Thank-Offering of last year 'but' we had a debt on our church, and we had to help our trustees with our society money to pay it."

"Our society is disappointed over our small Thank-Offering this year 'but' the congregation had not paid its 'budget' to the church boards and the men think we have no right to give offerings until it is met, although the women had paid their share."

Individual Excuses.

"I could increase my Thank-Offering to missions 'but' our family outing this year was so expensive that for awhile we will have to practice self-denial."

"I would love to give toward sending out new missionaries 'but' the expense of keeping up our auto takes all our spare money these days."

"How I would love to increase my Thank-Offering for missions 'but' the demands are so many, I cannot help everything."

"The Lord knows that I want to give more to His cause 'but' it takes all we can save to keep our daughter in a fashionable school and meet her needs. What more can I do?"

To hear such excuses from women whose purses are always wide open and over-flowing for self and family makes the human heart ache.

How about the divine heart of Him Who seeth and knoweth all things?

STEWARDSHIP CREED.

I BELIEVE—

1. My money is mine only in trust. It belongs to God, just as I do.

2. Money is not filthy lucre. It is stored up human power. It is the expression of life's energy. It is so much of my life set at work. Its content is essentially spiritual.

3. God is counting on my money for His work. It is to send out His gospel and His workers, and help bring in a new kingdom of righteousness.

4. To spend my income rightly is one of my first tasks as a Christian.

5. I should set aside a definite proportion of my income for His gospel's work. I do this,

(a). In acknowledgement of God's ownership of my possessions.

(b). To guard against my own selfishness.

(c). Because it is business-like.

6. The proportion set aside should not be less than one-tenth of my income. The Bible enjoins the Tithe. I am receiving from God far more than any previous generation. One tenth shall not be the limit of my giving. I ought to give more if I am able.

7. I should invest my money for God carefully. I should study the Church's work that I may give wisely. I should pray with my giving.

LIFE DIRECTORSHIP.

July 20 to September 19, 1917.

In Memoriam: Miss Mary Anderson, by her sister, Miss Sarah J. Anderson, of First U. P. Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS.

July 26, 1917, to September 19, 1917.

$25.00 Each.

1. Mrs. E. L. McClurkin, Morning Sun, Iowa.
2. Miss Mary J. Harris, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
3. Mrs. J. T. Meloy, Hoopeston, Ill. By Mrs. Sarah Park.
4. Mrs. F. B. Foster, Omaha, Nebr. By a member of W. M. S., 1st Church, Omaha.
5. Mrs. Hugh B. Speer, Omaha, Nebr. By W. M. S., Central Church, Omaha.
6. Mrs. J. K. Young, a member of the Y. W. M. S., First, Cambridge, Ohio.
7. Mrs. Osie Stevenson Bates, Shannon City, Iowa. By her mother, Mrs. T. A. Stevenson.
8. Mrs. John Duncan, Wellsville, Ohio. A gift from Wellsville W. M. S.
9. Miss Appa J. Gilfillan, Butler, Pa. By Mrs. Emma M. Wilson.
10. Mrs. J. C. Gilfillan, Grove City, Pa. By Mrs. Emma M. Wilson.
11. Miss Bertha Kahler, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
12. Mrs. Josephine La Belle, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. By her husband.

MRS. J. B. HILL,
Treasurer.

LIFE ANNUITY BONDS.

The Sterling Convention of the Women's General Missionary Society instructed its Board to issue four classes of Life Annuity Bonds, viz:

Class 1. When the annuitant is under forty years of age, pays 4½%.

Class 2. Where the annuitant is between forty and fifty years of age, pays 5%.

Class 3. Where the annuitant is between fifty and seventy-five years of age, pays 6%.

Class 4. Where the annuitant is seventy-five and over, pays 7%.

Annuitants may designate the principal of the bonds for the use of any department of the work of the Women's General Missionary Society they prefer.

Church women should buy bonds that will support the work of the women for women after the annuitant has gone to her reward. For further information address Mrs. H. C. Campbell, 6410 Beacon St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
Miss Ida B. Little, 132 Allison Ave., Washington, Pa.

MOTTO: "TRUSTING IN HIM."

AIM: "COURAGE THAT DARES, IF NEED BE, FAILS, BUT DARES NOT FAIL TO TRY."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORKERS:

Miss Roma Beatty, Pasrur, India.
Miss Edna Jean Giffen, Cairo, Egypt.
Miss E. Margaret Rogers, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, Pathankot.
Miss Ruth M. Eddy, Cairo, Egypt.
Miss Christianita Totten, Henderson, N. C.

NEW Y. W. SOCIETIES.

1. 1st Denver, "The Oylers," Y. W. M. S.
2. Greely, "Willing Workers," Y. W. M. S., Leader, Mrs. Bothell.
3. Bristol King's Daughters; 12 members.
4. Pueblo Y. W. M. S.;Leader, Mrs. Carrie Gillis; Sidney Presbyterial.
5. Bellefontaine Y. W. M. S.; 15 members; President, Miss Florence McCracken; Concordia Presbyterial.
6. Hopewell Y. W. M. S.; 17 members; President, Miss Hettie Leslie, Beloit, Kans.; Mansfield Presbyterial.
7. 1st Canton Y. W. M. S.; 12 members; President, Miss Rea Whetstone, New Berlin, Ohio, R. F. D. 2.

JUST A THOUGHT.

There seems to be an impression among many young women that it is necessary to place a special object to which to give before every society in order to inspire interest. Now we are happy that we are not mere infants that need a gay ball or pretty bird or other trinket or just something new and attractive to engage our attention. We are glad to be known as intelligent, wide-awake young women who are desirous of doing a woman's work. Let us care for our "house in a commendable way before we build "more houses" to care for. The house we now have has several rooms, viz., Foreign, Home, Freedmen, Indian, Young Women's Special, etc., and the guest chamber, the Thank-Offering. When we can safely add another "room" without financial embarrassment, we shall be more than glad.

Purchase a Statistical Report, price 15 cents, and see what societies are keeping the house in good repair and in "spick and span" order.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Large and momentous questions are before the nations of the earth today. The solving of some of these is requiring blood, much of the best young life of many nations being called to sacrifice. But the greatest of these questions has to do with the individual. When that is answered satisfactorily, no nation need take up arms again.

The question asked of every young life in one form or another is, "What do you plan to be?" with the thought on line of work or source of livelihood. A pertinent question. But with a world war raging and human life being snuffed out by shot and shell or slow poison or gradual starvation, it seems fitting to emphasize a deeper interpretation on the latter question having it mean primarily life. "What do you plan that your life shall do?" The present war conditions have come about because the individual has failed to be unselfish, Christ-like. To live is one thing; to be worth while is another matter.

Our men of young years are gone or will soon be going into active war service. They will be busy with just one thought—the bringing of peace—and will work toward that end. It remains for our young women to do some serious thinking; even more, much serious doing to promote peace, to make this world the place God intended it should be.

Life has been rosy for many of our girls. Little has been asked of them—less has been done. Red Cross work is engaging many one-time idle hands. Already some have tired of this. Enthusiasm has waned. If young women cannot remain interested in a work which has to do with the physical welfare of their own loved ones, how can we refrain from dubbing them of little worth in the world?

Shall we be satisfied that our young women enlarge no more than to answer the call of the Red Cross? It is laudable work. When the war is over and the crying need for such work has ceased, what then? Will idle hands again become common? Will the heart strings cease to respond to human need? What do we intend our lives shall be?

The Church of Christ is calling the young women. "Go ye," "Teach," "Bring into my treasury," "Work while it is day for the night cometh when no man can work." What answer? Will the young women fail to respond to the call of the colors? The question of the hour is, "How can I—my life—best serve my King?" Our country's call is a case of "This ought ye to have done," while the Church adds, "But not to leave the other undone."

Shall the Young Women's Organization be a matter for second consideration this warring year? Who shall receive first honors, the rulers of nations or the great Ruler? Jenny Lind at one time promised to sing for her king. When she noted that the designated day was Sabbath, she cancelled her engagement. When remonstrated with, she replied, "I owe allegiance to a higher King, the King of kings.

What obedience shall we render? What shall our lives be? What king shall have the benefit of our service? When our hour strikes, what shall we do?

IDA B. LITTLE.

DAUGHTERS OF A KING.

In "Memories of the Kaiser's Court," Anna Topham has written a narrative of the private life of the Prussian Court.

In 1902, Miss Topham joined the Court as resident English teacher to the nine-year-old Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, only daughter of the German Emperor and Empress, where she remained until the marriage of the Princess to the Duke of Brunswick.

The Princess, persistently reported through Germany to be deaf and dumb, appears a very normal, energetic young person, very far from speechless and deaf only to the entreaties of over anxious attendants to come out of the water when sea bathing.

The Empress is a woman of initiative and self-confidence, with wide interests, but whose chief talent and business have been the creation of a home atmosphere for her husband and children. This is no small task amid the rigid officialism of a Court.

The Kaiser, known to us as a frowning autocrat of fierce mustaches, corrugated brow and clinched mailed fist appears an ordinary humorous, domestic "Papa" who makes jokes at the breakfast table and who taught his daughter the unladylike accomplishment of making with her mouth the "pop" of a champagne bottle and the subsequent gurgle of flowing wine. Yet no one of the Court ever quite forgets that he is the Kaiser. There is a deference and a reverence due to his superior position which is never absent. This only heightens the joyful intimacy with the little Princess.

Toward his sons he was somewhat stern and military, but with his little daughter there was a charming fatherly and daughterly intimacy. He wrote her long letters when absent and she replied in kind.

At length she wrote in English and received immediately a reply in English so that with glowing face, she reported, "Papa was delighted with my letter."

But the Princess' life was by no means an idle one. German educational methods are amazingly thorough and make heavy demands on the capacity of a child or young person. It is difficult to know whether to admire or condemn the rigorous demands. The Princess met them—not always very industriously—but with the desire for the approval of her father.

We, too, are the daughters of a King, princesses of the "King eternal, immortal, invisible, King of kings and Lord of lords." What ever the rising tide of democracy may have in store for earthly thrones, "the God of heaven has set up a Kingdom which shall never be destroyed, but shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." The last voice of the great multitude in Revelations is, "Allelina, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

But do we not have first of all the lesson of reverence? If we are always in the court of our honored Sovereign, it seems a certain reverence must overshadow all our lives. It will be strong upon us as we come consciously into His presence in every act of public or private worship or meditation. It will, too, be an atmosphere about us in our work and play, our social life and self-improvement.

With this reverence there goes intimacy. The King is also the Father. We have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry "Abba Father;" which is only the Aramaic colloquil word of childhood, "Papa." If we can learn that the King Father is not so much concerned in ruling empires and suns and systems as in loving and in being loved by us; that He loves to hear from us and to immediately reply to us; that He loves to be with us and do things for us and have us do things for Him; that He loves to hear us call Him "Father" and to live the intimate home life with us, we shall have learned the secret of the Lord.

Then with the reverence and intimacy goes effort. Our King Father insists on our effort because that is our education and our future, which is His fatherly concern, depends on that. Every faithfulness is making us faithful. Every loving deed is making us loving. Every gift and service and cup of cold water is twice blessed. It is blessing His Kingdom with its services and it is enlarging in us the sense of responsibility for the welfare of the Kingdom and cultivating in us the royal mindedness of the King.

The King's greatest concern is that we learn the princely rule that "rank imposes obligation."

Y. W. M. S., Venice, Pa.

THE APPRECIATION OF OUR TASK.

Sometime ago I came across these words, "We are all of us Road makers of one kind or another, making the Road smoother or rougher for those who come after us."

We as Christian young woman do not realize the vast responsibility of our lives. For truly we are Road makers. It behooves us to Stop! Look! and Listen! We have often noticed this sign at the railway crossing. A careful person always takes heed, and so should we when we realize that we are Road makers. It is said of the American people, we are so busy that we do not take time to live. So it is well for us to stop and see of what materials out of which we are making our road. Also to look and see if this road causes any to stumble or become discouraged. Then we should listen, for there may be someone who needs help. Some one, who, if we would step aside from our selfish ways, would appreciate a kind, encouraging word and smile from us. Now this may seem trivial. But one never knows what this may mean to other fellow travelers. This is a great task, one for which we should daily ask help.

As Christian young women, it hardly seems possible that we would not understand why we are in the world. We have heard almost from childhood God's plan for redemption: through the Sabbath School, Young People's Society and other organization; that it is a vast work and the laborers are few. Since we have heard this and know of the need, dare we sit with folded hands and be satisfied to live idle lives. 'Tis true that we are members of a missionary society. We pay our dues, attend meetings, and engage in mission study. Shall this end our task? Does this make up our lives? Does it make the Road easier for others?

In Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables," which Doctor Samuel Zwemer advises every Christian to read once a year, we have this pathetic picture of Jean Val Jean dying. The man who had sacrificed and suffered, points to the cross saying, "It's nothing to die, it's a dreadful thing not to live." And so it is for Christian young women if we have not been good Road makers.

It's a Dreadful Thing Not to Live.

I wonder if many of us realize this, that we do not live, but exist. The summer is past and can we see that we have really lived. Or are we like the young woman, who when asked, "What are you going to do this summer?" said, "I am going to some fashionable resort, and there I shall enjoy life." Perhaps none of us will do anything like that. But I wonder if we do not just exist from day to day; not having any motive, save to have a good time, and to stand in well with the clubs. So, would it not be dreadful for any of us not to have lived? To have lost the vision of our task, and at last have nothing but empty hands?

A story is told of a young girl barely fourteen years old, whose mother was dying. She told Mary that she was going away and that Mary must keep the children and home together, be good to father even if he should be drunk. Poor Mary was stricken one day and was greatly troubled. She summoned her neighbor, Katie. She said to Katie, "If it were not for one thing, I am sure that I would just be glad. Now it is not about the children, for I have stayed with them as long as I could. But you know I have had just so much to do. I couldn't mind the children and go to the preaching, too. I have been so tired at nights that I couldn't think to pray. Now as I shall see the Lord Jesus, what am I to say?"

The Spirit sent this thought to Katie, "I wouldn't say a word, dear, for sure He understands. I wouldn't say a word at all, but just show Him your hands."

How many of us have been true to our task as Road makers? Will our hands have scars for some sacrifices that we have made, that the Road may be smoother for others?

RUTH STEPHENSON,
Oxford, Ohio.

A GLIMPSE OF A DAY'S WORK IN OUR MISSION AT WARM SPRING, ORE.

This has been an unusually busy month for your missionaries here as you will note there has been considerable sickness.

One of our Indian women (one who at one time was president of our W. M. S., but who ere we came left and became a leading member of the Shakers) was picking cherries at the Dalles before the Fourth and fell from the tree and broke or fractured her hip bone and also her leg above the knee. She will not be able to walk for a good while so we feel that this is our opportunity to minister to her and hope to win her back.

The Shaker's have altars with a cross and candles on it. I notice this woman has removed her altar. I hope she has broken it down and I am inclined to think she has. I drove out yesterday and took her a loaf of bread and a glass of jelly. I go out often and spend a while with her. She lives two or three miles out.

My horse got pretty badly frightened yesterday and whirled around in the road and was determined to come home but the Lord gave me control over her no accident occured.

Last Thursday we went to a funeral to a cemetery new to us. We have been to five. We started at 7 a. m. We were told to go out three miles towards Simnasho and to turn off into the sage brush as there was no sign of a road; but an old Indian woman passed us soon after we started and we told her we did not know the way and would follow her. So when we had gone three miles she stopped and from there we could see a couple of miles or more to the top of "White Hill." So we waited half an hour or more when we saw the funeral procession coming, consisting of one hack in which was the body and twenty-two people on horseback. When they came to where we were, they turned off and we followed through sage brush and rocks until I thought many times our cart would upset. But at last we arrived safely at the cemetery gate. Then the procession (the leader carried and rang a big bell all the time) drove around the cemetery singing a wierd song; when they came back to the entrance they all with one accord gave a mighty shout, then the leader and the hackman drove in and the rest tied up their horses. We all then went in and sat down on the ground while two men dug the grave; after which, the leader directed them to gather in a semi-circle around the grave; then the body was lowered. The father asked Mr. Jackson to stand at the end of the semi-circle to conduct a service, which he did. We sang, he spoke a few words and prayed. Then they had their service which was lengthy and would require too much time to describe. (We did not know whether they would ask Mr. Jackson to conduct a service or not as they were people who belong to the "Feathers").

He has always been asked at all other funerals but we were not at all certain about this one. We arrived at 1 o'clock. It was a very hot day.

A little child had drunk some lye and was in a serious condition, so we stopped there and had prayer. Thus our time is fully occupied.

Two weeks ago a young Indian came to the door and asked for Mr. Jackson, at the same time handed me his marriage license. I asked when they wanted to get married. He said two o'clock. It was then about noon. I enquired about a witness and he told me to get one, so as the phone was out of order I went down the hill to get Mrs. Brown. In the meantime, Beechkin was here and he said the father and mother of the girl were down in the court room objecting to the marriage, said he stole Ella, their daughter, while they were away, so we all waited for the bride and groom but they failed to come; at last Mr. Jackson went down to the court room at 4 o'clock and hunted up the bridegroom who told him that they had sentenced him to twelve days in jail, so instead of enjoying a happy honey-moon, the poor fellow has been working in the government harvest field.

Ella was also made a prisoner and I have had an opportunity to be with her a number of times and to have her in our home. She was one of my Sabbath School girls two years ago. She told me the reason her parents or her mother rather, objected to this marriage was because she wanted Ella to marry an old man at Yakima who has three wives now. He has money though, and that was the secret; so the day after court, Ella said her mother came to her bed ere she was up and pounded her all over with a stick of stove wood and tried to tear her ear-rings out of her ears. Ella is a dear good girl; they will be married tomorrow morning.

It is remarkable how our Sabbath audiences keep up this summer, we had the largest audience last Sabbath with two exceptions, that we have had since Christmas.

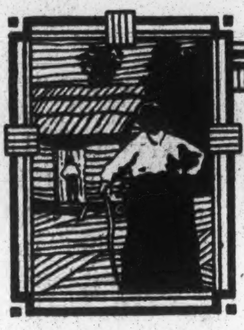
Please pray for this woman, Mrs. Laura Miller, of whom I wrote that she was injured by falling from a cherry tree. We long to see her back in the church. She is an intelligent woman and talks good English.

Did I tell you I milk one of the government school cows in the mornings? So we have nice cream to use and we certainly appreciate it. I cannot milk in the evenings for we are so often out after milking time. Mr. Brown has charge of the cows during vacation.

I had Mrs. Brown out with me in the cart the day after the funeral and we stopped at a home, when behold they were having the usual funeral feast. It was at the home where the departed boy's grand mother lives and I had not thought of them having the feast. We heard the wailing a long ways off as we came by later. We did not remain long at the feast for we feel that that is one place where we are not wanted.

I had not thought to write so lengthy a letter as I am very tired today.

Sincerely yours in His service,
(MRS. H. T.) FANNIE B. JACKSON.



FREEDMEN MISSIONS

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary.
1112 South Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

As the schools have not been in session, the reports and items of interest have not been as many as we would desire. At the schools, where a boarding department is maintained, the matrons have been busy cleaning house and putting up fruit and vegetables for use during the non-productive months of the winter, for there is a really winter, even in the "Sunny South."

During the Summer there was held a Colored Teachers' Conference which, according to Mr. W. E. Williams, of Townsville, proved very beneficial, and which has inspired those in attendance to enter on the new school year with renewed energy and inspiration. Because the annual report from Townsville was received too late for the Secretary's report, this station was not mentioned. Mr. Williams promises to be on, or ahead of time next year, so we can look forward to a fine report from this mission for our next annual.

Dr. McGranahan reports Miss McCahon, our missionary at Knoxville, who has been ill for some time, is improving. She and her sister are going to the mountains and we hope and pray this change may restore her to us, that she may continue in the work which is so dear to her.

Rev. J. N. Cotton, Canton Bend, reports good crops prevailing this year. Corn, peas, sweet potatoes, velvet beans, cane for molasses, etc., are coming on in abundance, and those who have made the effort will be rewarded with plenty of food stuff. They are thankful to Him for these blessings—for the suffering, for the want of food last year was so general and so pathetic. They are very grateful to those societies who did so much in this relief work and helped so many and hope and pray that such conditions as have existed may not come again.

Do not forget the Freedmen stations when you are making up barrels and boxes this year. Many of the children and older ones, too, would be unable to be present at either school or church if it were not for the well filled barrels that came from the societies. Then, too, do not forget the 46 workers whose salaries must be provided and see to it that your society is on the roll of contributions.

The Council of Women for Home Missions is arranging for a Day of Prayer for Women, November 22nd. Instead of the regular text-book program, it has decided to emphasize the needs of the Nation at this time so that all may have

A keener sense of the Nation's Crisis.

A truer loyalty to the Nationl welfare.

A stronger conviction of personal obligation to save America for the World's sake.

A real consciousness of God.

A deeper loyalty to the King of kings, and a consecration that makes loyalty to the Kingdom of God the chief thing in life.

May our sisters of the Southland take note of this day of prayer for the Nation and set apart some hour of this day to join their petitions with ours, for their Country in this her hour of great crisis and need.

N. B.—I regret to report that there has been some mistake in shipping the Communicants Manual, advertised for sale in a former issue, and they have not yet arrived in Pittsburgh. Those who have ordered copies will please have patience and they will receive them in the near future. An extra cost of four cents will have to be added for mailing each copy.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary.
2006 Wendover St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

While no definite permission to enter Egypt has yet reached the Foreign Board a cable from Dr. Alexander, of Cairo, has given encouragement to attempt arrangements for the sailing of the Egyptian party on or about October 27th.

(As we go to press word has come that the missionaries going to Egypt and the Sudan will sail from San Francisco on October 27.—Ed.)

Anxiously awaiting permission to enter India, meanwhile every available missionary is out on deputational work in the middle west. Teams visiting the following named Presbyteries: College Springs, Omaha and Pawnee, Garnett, Pittsburg and Kansas, Rock Island and Le Claire, Cedar Rapids, Monmouth, Keokuk and Des Moines.

Team work will conclude with Institutes in each Presbytery—convocations on a small scale—where it is hoped great blessing will be received and much prayerful interest manifested in the further work of the year.

Great sorrow and grievous disappointment has come to three of our missionaries.

As you are aware Dr. Thos. Cumings of the W. W. White School of New York City, conducts a language study class of ten days for the benefit of the new missionaries who are in attendance at the New Wilmington Conference. He is an expert on the study of oriental languages and we depend largely upon his judgment of the ability of our missionaries to acquire a good working knowledge of the language of the field to which they are to be sent. After careful observation and consideration he advised Miss Margaret Brown, who was elected to go to Egypt to defer her sailing for one year in order to take training to correct a defective articulation.

He also advised Miss Kate Spencer to wait a year in order to take up the study of some difficult language thereby testing her ability to detect differences in tones. It seems that as there are people with good sight who are color blind so there are people with ordinary hearing powers who are "tone deaf" to such an extent that an oriental language is almost impossible.

Miss Mary L. Thompson took a fine medical examination when she applied about one year ago, but owing to the long time before sailing it was thought best to have her take another while in Pittsburgh. To our great regret and sorrow conditions were discovered which makes it advisable to delay her sailing for a year, feeling sure that treatment in the home-land will be far better for her than anything that could be done in Egypt.

These appointments have only been deferred, not cancelled. Pray that the Master will add His blessing to the treatments given these three chosen ones, so that they will be fully able to go to the fields next year where they are so badly needed.

Dr. E. L. Porter and his daughter, Mildred, Mrs. M. M. Brown and her daughter, Dorothy, and Mrs. Crawford, all missionaries from India have been taking treatment and some having operation in Columbia Hospital.

You will be glad to know that every one made a good recovery.

We regret to be obliged to report that Rev. W. R. Coventry while out of the hospital is recovering very slowly.

Pray that all these may speedily be restored to normal health and strength.

News from the fields say that all our loved workers are in fair health. Because of the uncertainty of the date of Miss Grove's return to Khartum North, the Sudan Mission sent Rev. G. W. Sowash and family to reside in and take charge of the Girls' Boarding School in the above named city.

Miss McKeown stays with them for the study of the language and Miss Dight has been transferred to the home of Dr. Giffen.

The Egyptian Association asks that a kintergarten department be added to all our schools in that land. Our Board favors the idea and we already have a very competent and consecrated woman in view to send out next year as Superintendent of Kintergarten work in Egypt.

Dr. Hunt and family, Miss Sadie Thompson, Miss Katherine Krudiner and two short term teachers have arrived in safety to the home-land.

Pray that the outgoing missionaries may soon be permitted to sail and that they will be safely guarded all the way.

Pray that lady doctors and trained nurses may offer themselves for work in India.

Pray that the work of the deputational teams may be of power in the Spirit so that our whole church may be filled with the spirit of prayer and supplication.

Pray for a deeper consecration on the part of our membership so that many, many souls may be won for Christ during this winter.

Pray for a deeper interest in the work of our Master so that *all our women* may become members of our missionary societies.

Pray that the Thank-Offering of 1917 may be more than one hundred thousand dollars.

Pray that the love of Christ may dwell in every one of us richly.

FIELD SECRETARY NOTES.

By Miss Kate A. Hill, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRAYER—ITS POWER.

"Away in foreign lands they wondered how
Their simple words had power;
At home—the Christians' two or three,
Had met to pray an hour."

Pittsburgh, Assembly Room, Publication Building, every Tuesday, 10 a. m.

Philadelphia, Westminster Hall, Witherspoon Building, first Thursday of every month, 10:30 to 11:30 a. m.

New York, Room 824, Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Ave., first Tuesday of every month, 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.

In the trysting place of every member of the missionary societies, an hour every week spent in prayer for an outpouring of God's Spirit on the Church at home and our mission fields in the north, south, east and west, in our great cities, in India, Egypt, and the Sudan.

"Stir me, oh! stir me, Lord! till all my heart
Is filled with strong compassion for these souls;
Till thy compelling "must" drives me to pray;
Till thy constraining love reach to the poles,
Far north and south, in burning, deep desire;
Till east and west are caught in love's great fire."

2 Tim. 1:6.

It seems to me that most of this month has been spent in letter writing. The Sabbath days were spent in Des Moines Presbyterial; in Ewart, Pitzer, Winterset and the old home church in Palo Alto. One Sabbath was spent in Waterloo where quite unexpectedly we spent the day with representatives of all our mission fields.

You might wonder about the letters. I suppose you can all guess what we were trying to do in the churches. I will just tell you of the letters that came in today. First, were reports from the canvass of "Things to do" that is going on in several Presbyteries. In Kansas City, Mo., they report good interest and eight new members added to the roll. In September they are going to have a special meeting for the new members. They will have a mission study class, too. In 1st Monmouth they have twelve new members in the Y. W. M. S. and a general awakening all around.

Next was a letter of inquiry from a President of a Presbyterial in Ohio who is anxious to get some thing for her women to do. I have been expecting to get more of these kind of letters. A post card from College Springs Presbyterial says that they expect to have their canvass completed and have a place on the program for the October meeting for report of "Things to do" canvass.

Nearly every day comes requests for Thank-Offering addresses. Today there were two. It was hard to refuse the one from Des Moines and made me glad to accept the one in Ohio since I am to be in that part of the country in October.

Next came a letter asking for an extra meeting during my visit to St. Louis so that the missionary societies might have a union meeting of the four societies. As they are making the canvass of "Things to do" I am glad to write to them that I can come to them for this meeting.

I had been so eager to hear of the Tuesday meeting in Pittsburgh. Sure enough one has been good enough to write that the Board members and a few others met. She wrote that arrangements were made to send out announcements and then she added, "We expect to have the same enthusiastic meeting we had last year." Probably the first Tuesday in September crept in so rapidly that many in and near Pittsburgh did not realize it was so near. We know that many learned to love that Tuesday meeting and will gladly welcome its return. We hope many from all parts of the church will come to these weekly meetings when in or near Pittsburgh.

I think the letter that brought the most joy was a letter from a young girl who writes, "Since hearing you speak in ——— I've been interested. On Sabbath I heard Miss ——— who is a volunteer and I would like to know requirements and education necessary for mission work."

It is just the thing I have been praying for the past weeks. I felt if I was to do this field work another year I wanted not only more interest in missions, not only more money for missions but more lives for Christ. It seemed to me this brought just the assurance that I needed of the great opportunity to bring the claims of the Master to many.

I have often wondered, as we often do about so many things, does it pay? It takes a lot of time and energy to visit the churches. Just yesterday I met a young man. We were calling at the same place. I had never heard of him but as he said good-bye he said, "I heard you speak at ———." It was during my first furlough that I had visited that congregation so I said, "You could not have been very old at that time." "No," he replied, "I was only a little fellow but I remember the first words of your address." I grew more interested at once and asked, "What were they?" "India, sad, sad India," he replied. Then he told me how after my visit he and his sisters used to play church and the oldest one who is now about twenty would be the returned missionary and would always begin her "missionary speil" with the words, "India, sad, sad India."

That young man is studying medicine now. I would like to claim them both for the mission fields.

All these letters have filled my heart with cheer and courage that it is all worth while to begin the field work again. They strengthen my faith to believe that in unexpected ways and when one is not conscious, God uses our work to touch lives.

I wonder what tomorrow's mail will bring?

LITERATURE

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary.
904 Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSION STUDY TEXT-BOOKS AND HELPS, 1917-1918.

Foreign—Senior.

An African Trail. Board, 57c.; paper, 35c.

How to Use "An African Trail," 10c.; postage, 2c.

Foreign—Junior.

African Adventurers, 30c.

Teacher's Guide for "African Adventurers," 5c.; postage, 1c.

Home—Senior.

Missionary Milestones. Cloth, 57c.; paper, 35 cents.

Teacher's Supplement for "Missionary Milestones," 5 cents.

Home—Junior.

Bearers of the Torch, 30 cents.

Teacher's Manual for "Bearers of the Torch," 10 cents.

Statistical Report, 15 cents.

Women's and Young Women's Envelopes, 25c. per hundred.

Junior Pins, 35c. each; $3.50 per dozen.

World Missions and World Peace, Board, 50c.; paper, 30c. How to Use included with an order of six.

Cap'n Pratt, 5c. each; 30c. per dozen.

An Egyptian Princess, 5c. each; 30c. per doz.

Presentations.

Mite Box Convention (with song), 5c.

Children of the Kingdom, 10c.

Voices of the Children, 10c.

Curious Cradles from Many Lands, 10c.

The Junior's Dream, 5c.

Pros and Cons of Foreign Missions, 3c. each; 30c. per dozen.

If They Only Knew, 5c. each; 12 for 50c.

Through the Open Door, 5c. each; 25c. per dozen.

For those wishing to present an elaborate pageant, we have a manuscript copy of one entitled, "Contrasts Noted on the King's Highway," which we will rent for two weeks for 15c. This pageant is based on the mission study book of two years ago, "The King's Highway," and the scenes are laid in the countries visited in that book. It is written by Mrs. Phillips of Philadelphia, and was given at a Presbyterial in that city with great success and made a profound impression.

There were only 400 copies of the Statistical Report published. Of these only 150 remain. *There will be no more printed.* Those who expect to need a copy should order soon. They are 15c. each.

The 1917 issue of the Prayer Cycle will be exhausted before this reaches you. The 1918 edition will be ready for distribution the first of the year. I would like to ask the literature secretaries of the Presbyterials and local societies to have their orders in before that time that we may fill them as soon as the books are issued.

PROGRAM FOR CELEBRATION OF PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

A devotional service for use in the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the Protestant Reformation to be observed October 28th. Prepared by Mrs. Charles F. Fry, for use in Women's Societies. Price 65 cents per hundred.

DAY OF PRAYER PROGRAM.

A devotional service prepared for Women's Societies or for Interdenominational use on the Day of Prayer for Home Missions to be observed Thursday of Home Mission Week, November 22, 1917. Price 65 cents per hundred.

Order from The Council of Women for Home Missions, 600 Lexington Ave., New York.

MONTHLY REPORT OF WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Mrs. J. H. Maxwell, Recording Secretary 216 Watsonia Blvd., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 4, 1917.

The hour for Prayer, Information and Inspiration was resumed again in the Assembly Room of the Board of Publication. This hour will be held regularly every Tuesday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock and is for everyone who will come and spend this hour with the Master.

After the hour for prayer the Board was called to order by the Second Vice-President, Mrs. Cook. The minutes of the last regular and two special meetings were read and adopted.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. B. Hill, reported as follows: For the month of July, receipts, $11,286.70; disbursements, $29,088.72; for August, receipts, $7,048.50; disbursements, $14,612.79.

Young Women's Secretary reported eight new societies:

1. Argyle Presbyterial, East Greenwitch Y. W. M. S., 13 members; Miss Margaret Murdock, President.

2. Colorado Presbyterial, "The Oylers" Y. W. M. S., 1st Denver.

3. Greely "Willing Workers" Y. W. M. S.; Leader, Mrs. Bothell.

4. Bristol King's Daughters, 12 members.

5. Pueblo Y. W. M. S.; Leader, Mrs. Carrie Gillis.

6. Sidney Presbyterial, Bellefontaine Y. W. M. S.; 15 members; President, Miss Florence McCracken.

7. Concordia Presbyterial, Hopewell Y. W. M. S.; 17 members; President, Miss Hettie Leslie, Beloit, Kans.

8. Mansfield Presbyterial, 1st Canton Y. W. M. S.; 12 members; President, Miss Rea Whetstone, New Berlin, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 2.

Freedmen Secretary reported Henderson Hospital as doing splendid work; more patients in the hospital than at any other time.

Much needed repairs were ordered for Memorial Hospital at Miller's Ferry.

We are sorry to note that Miss Houston, of Frenchburg and Miss McCurrian, of the Freedmen's Mission, are both quite ill at Columbia Hospital, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Indian Secretary reports having received full reports from Warm Springs, Simnasho and Tama. As the crops were almost an entire failure owing to the lack of rain much help will be needed this winter for the Indians.

A gift of $25.00 was reported for this work.

Foreign Secretary moved treasurer be instructed to pay $50.00, Board's part of expenses of Garden City Conference of 1917.

The enrollment fee of the five young women at Wilmington Conference was ordered paid.

On motion a kindergarten superintendent will be sent out to Egypt as soon as possible.

Mrs. Campbell also reported the receiving an Annuity Bond of $1500.

Home Secretary has received reports from all stations.

Mrs. Alter, one of the Field Secretaries, will start North September 1st to hold meetings in Washington and Oregon.

Adjourned to meet September 17, 1917.

Mrs. J. H. Maxwell,
Recording Secretary.

STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

EGYPT.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away."

Roll Call—Name of a town in Egypt where there is mission work.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 111—Praise!

Topics for Study—

1. Little Journeys in Egypt—
   There will probably be about twelve of these tours, personally conducted and illustrated with maps, charts and pictures.

   Homes, schools, churches, cities and country villages, all, will come in for a visit. The desire is to bring the readers of the Magazine into vital touch and acquaintance with Egypt and her people, with the mission work and the mission workers.

NOTE:—This program for Egypt Special, 1917, gives promise of a most interesting study. The Women's Missionary Magazine, in its monthly issues, contains much reading from both Egypt and India that is an aid to the special numbers. Readers of the Magazine will do well to keep on file their copies of the Women's Missionary Magazine.—Ed.

The Womens' Missionary Magazine - - $1.00
The Missionary Review of the World - $2.50
$3.50
Both for ☞ - $3.00

If subscriptions are sent to the

Women's Missionary Magazine
XENIA, OHIO

HOME MISSIONARIES.

SUPPORTED BY W. G. M. S.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

Warm Springs, Oregon	Rev. H. T. Jackson
Simnasho, Oregon	Rev. W. A. Matthews
Tama, Iowa	Rev. R. G. Smith

All contributions for Warm Springs should be addressed to Rev. H. T. Jackson, Indian Mission, and shipped to Mecca, Oregon, the nearest station. Those for Simnasho, Oregon, should be sent to Rev. W. A. Matthews, Indian Mission, and shipped to Maupin, Oregon. Things for Tama, should be addressed to Rev. R. G. Smith, Tama, Iowa.

CITY MISSIONARIES.

Rev. Michael Renzetti, (Italian), Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Elenore Ribet, (Italian), Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Josephine Pasquerella, (Italian), Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Harriet Romig, Rankin Districts, (Italian), Wilmerding, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth Reynolds, (Croatian), N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Margaret Heazlet, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Sallie Dickey, Alliance, Ohio.
Miss Mary A. Workman, St. Joseph, Mo.
Miss Elizabeth McMillan, Sears Mission, Rock Island, Illinois.
Miss Edith Warnock, San Antonio, Texas.
Miss Aulora McIntyre, Gary, Ind.
Miss Irma G. Allen, Fresno, Cal.
Mrs. F. C. Metcalf, (Mutes), Portland, Ore.
Miss Elizabeth Eakin, (Italian), Butler, Pa.
Miss Anna C. Parr, Quincy Mission, Pittsburgh, Kans.
Miss Theressa Lippert, Oakland, Cal.

MOUNTAINEER.

Rev. Albert Greer Weidler, Ph.D., Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Albert Greer Weidler, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Bertha Houston, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss E. Margaret Rodgers, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Clara Ferguson, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Mary Mead, Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. T. E. Crooks, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss N. Ethel White, Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Esther Mitchell, M. D., Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Violet Maltby, Frenchburg, Ky.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

DIRECTORY FOR SENDING CLOTHING.

*Athens, Tenn.—Rev. C. H. Wilson.

Riceville, Tenn.—Prof. P. S. Jones.

*Knoxville, Tenn.—Rev. R. W. McGranahan, D. D.

Camden, Ala.—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.

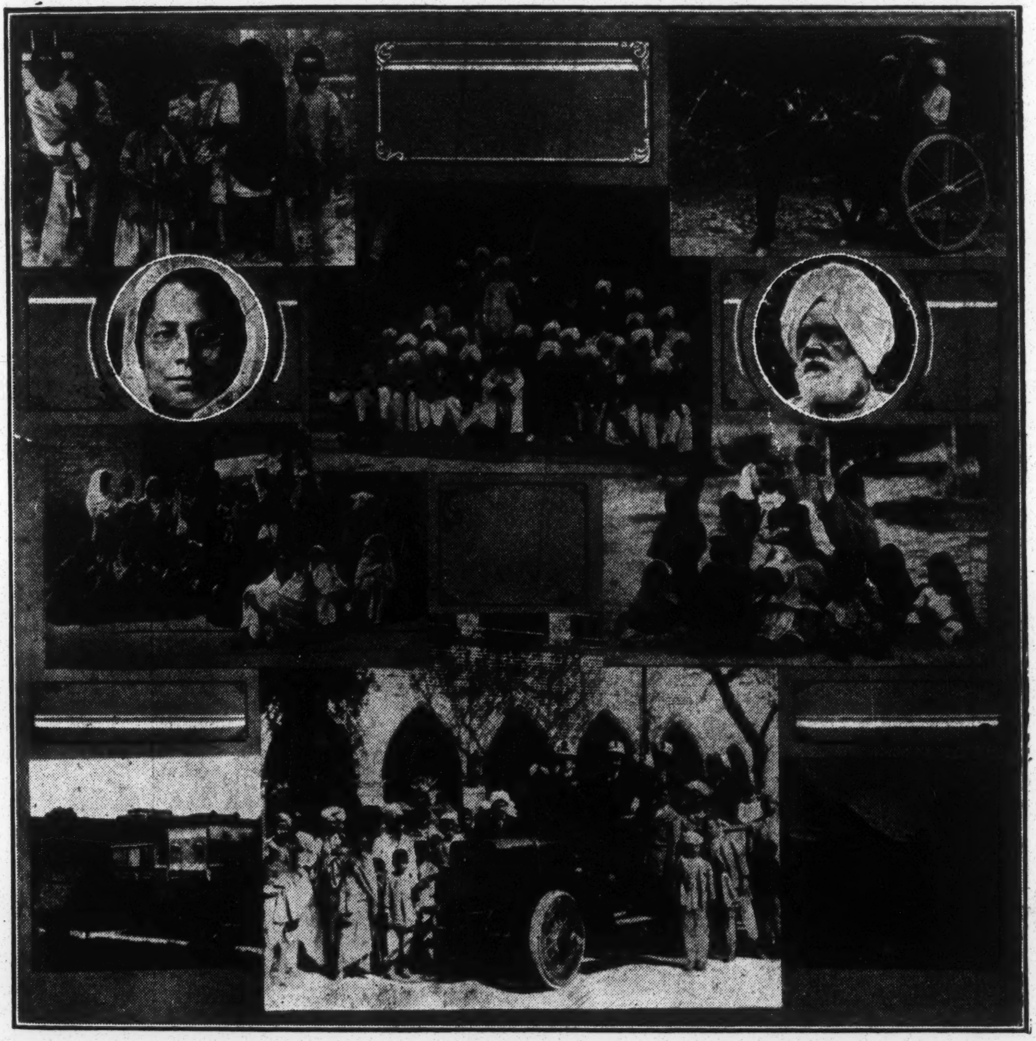
Canton Bend, Ala.—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

Miller's Ferry, Ala.—Rev. I. H. Bonner, Camden, Ala. Mark "For Miller's Ferry."
Prairie, Ala.—Prof. Thos. M. Elliott, Postoffice address, Prairie, Ala.; shipping point, Catherine, Ala.
*Annie Manie, Ala.—Rev. John T. Arter, Postoffice address, Annie Manie, Ala.; shipping point, Arlington, Ala.
*Chase City, Va.—Rev. F. W. Wilson.
Jeffress, Va.—Rev. R. P. Williams, Chase City, Va. R. F. D. 1. Mark "For Bluestone Mission."
Henderson, Vance Co., N. C.—Rev. Jno. A. Cotton, D.D.
Townsville, N. C.—Prof. W. E. Williams.

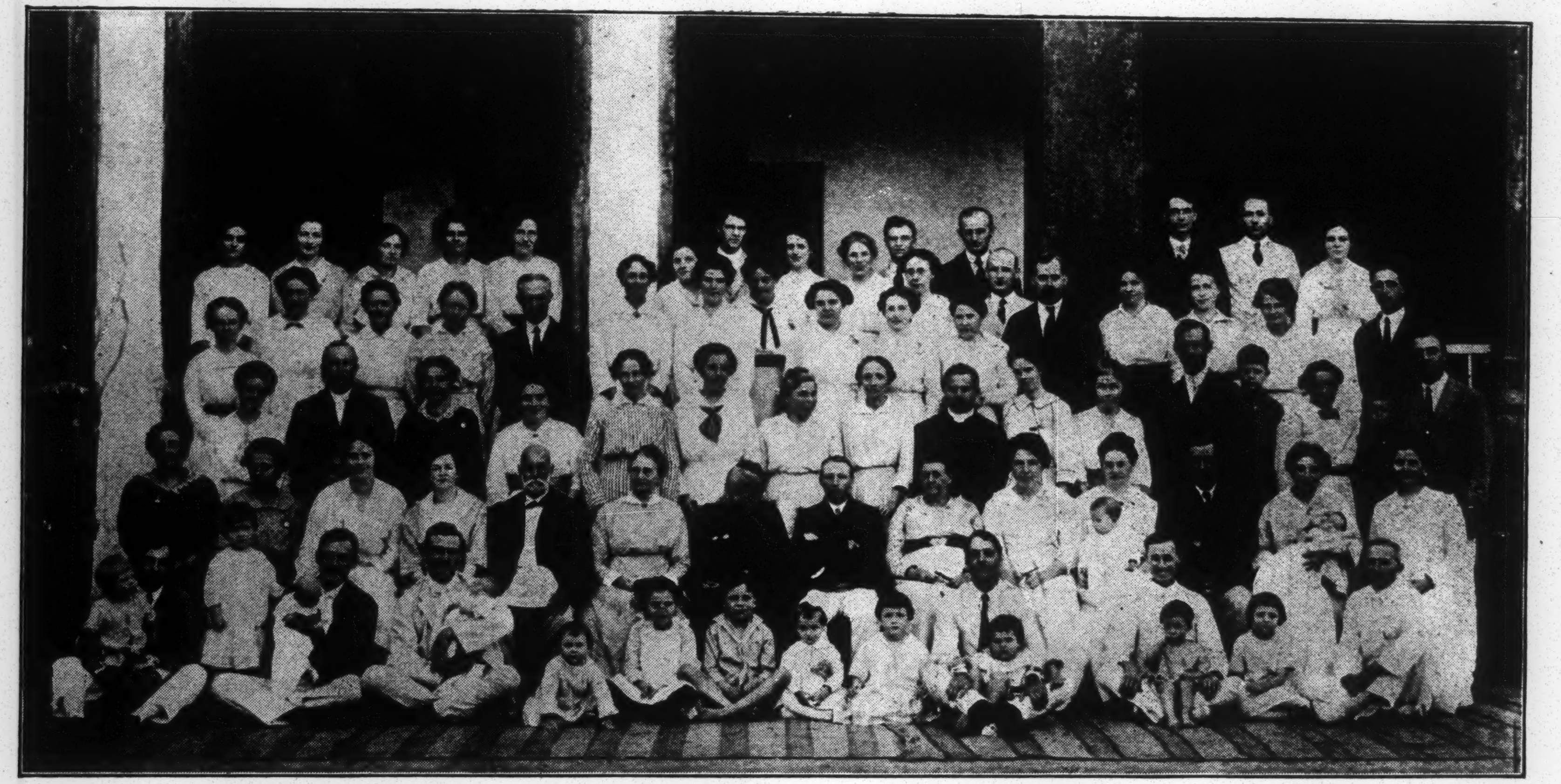
This directory is correct, up-to-date, and will carry clothing safely, if correctly followed. Please remember to prepay freight and then write to the principal of the mission at the time of sending and enclose receipted bill of lading.

*Donations of clothing not needed. New material and Christmas boxes may be sent to any of the stations. Always put name of society and place inside of box or barrel so that it may be identified and acknowledged.

INDIA SPECIAL NUMBER



. . . India After Sixty Years . . .



INDIA MISSIONARIES AND FAMILIES AT THE ANNUAL MEETING IN SIALKOT, 1916.
See what a good colony of workers ''**after sixty years,**'' and yet the fields are white for the harvest and the laborers are few''—